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"MIDSHIPMAN," THE CAT.

BY JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

THIS is a true story about a real cat who, for aught I know, is still alive and following the sea for a living. I hope to be excused if I use the pronouns "who" and "he" instead of "which" and "it," in speaking of this particular cat; because although I know very well that the grammars all tell us that "he" and "who" apply to persons, while "it" and "which" apply to things, yet this cat of mine always seemed to us who knew him to be so much like a human being, that I find it unsatisfactory to speak of him in any other way. There are some animals of whom you prefer to say "he," just as there are persons whom you sometimes feel like calling "it."

The way we met this cat was after this fashion: It was back somewhere in the seventies, and a party of us were cruising east from Boston in the little schooner-yacht "Eyvor." We had dropped into Marblehead for a day and a night, and some of the boys had gone ashore in the tender. As they landed on the wharf, they found a group of small boys running sticks into a woodpile, evidently on a hunt for something inside.

"What have you in there?" asked one of the yachtsman.

"Nothin' but a cat," said the boys.

"Well, what are you doing to him?"

"Oh, pokin' him up! When he comes out we 'll rock him," was the answer, in good Marblehead dialect.

"Well, don't do it any more. What 's the use of tormenting a poor cat? Why don't you take somebody of your size?"

The boys slowly moved off, a little ashamed and a little afraid of the big yachtsman who spoke; and when they were well out of sight the yachtsmen went on, too, and thought no more about the cat they had befriended. But when they had wandered about the tangled streets of the town for a little while, and paid the visits which all good yachtsmen pay, to the grocery and the post-office and the apothecary's soda-fountain, they returned to the wharf and found their boat. And behold, there in the stern-sheets sat the little gray-and-white cat of the woodpile! He had crawled out of his retreat and made straight for the boat of his champions. He seemed in no wise disturbed or disposed to move when they jumped on board, nor did he show anything but pleasure when they stroked and patted him. But when one of the boys started to put him ashore, the plucky little fellow showed his claws; and no sooner was he set on his feet at the edge of the wharf than he

turned about and jumped straight back into the boat.

"He wants to go yachting," said one of the party, whom we called "The Bos'n."

"Ye might as wal take the cat," said a grizzly old fisherman standing on the wharf; "he does n't belong to anybody, and ef he stays here the boys 'll worry him t' death."

"Let 's take him aboard," said the yachtsmen. "It's good luck to have a cat on board ship."

Whether it was good luck to the ship or not, it was very clear that pussy saw it meant good luck to him, and curled himself down in the

he was allowed to remain in the boat, and was taken off to the yacht.

Upon his arrival there, a council was held, and it was unanimously decided that the cat should be received as a member of the crew; and as we were a company of amateur sailors, sailing our own boat, each man having his particular duties, it was decided that the cat should be appointed midshipman, and should be named after his position. So he was at once and ever after known as "Middy." Everybody took a great interest in him, and he took an impartial interest in everybody—though there were two



"BEING A MARBLEHEAD CAT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM WHETHER HE LIVED AFLOAT OR ASHORE."

bottom of the boat, with a look that meant business. Evidently he had thought the matter all over and made up his mind that this was the sort of people he wanted to live with; and, being a Marblehead cat, it made no difference to him whether they lived afloat or ashore; he was going where they went, whether they wanted him or not. He had heard the conversation from his place in the woodpile, and had decided to show his gratitude by going to sea with these protectors of his. By casting in his lot with theirs he was paying them the highest compliment of which a cat is capable. It would have been the height of impoliteness not to recognize his distinguished appreciation. So

people on board to whom he made himself particularly agreeable. One was the quiet, kindly professor, the captain of the Eyvor; the other was Charlie, our cook and only hired hand. Middy, you see, had a seaman's true instinct as to the official persons with whom it was his interest to stand well.

It was surprising to see how quickly Middy made himself at home. He acted as if he had always been at sea. He was never seasick, no matter how rough it was or how uncomfortable any of the rest of us were. He roamed wherever he wanted to, all over the boat. At meal-times he came to the table with the rest, sat up on a valise and lapped his milk and took

what bits of food were given him, as if he had eaten that way all his life. When the sails were hoisted it was his especial joke to jump upon the main-gaff and be hoisted with it; and once he stayed on his perch till the sail was at the mast-head. One of us had to go aloft and bring him down. When we had come to anchor and everything was snug for the night, he would come on deck and scamper out on the main-boom, and race from there to the bowsprit end as fast as he could gallop, then climb, monkey-fashion, half-way up the masts, and drop back to the deck or dive down into the cabin and run riot among the berths.

One day, as we were jogging along under a pleasant southwest wind, and everybody was



"AT MEAL-TIMES HE SAT UP ON A VALISE."

lounging and dozing after dinner, we heard the Bos'n call out, "Stop that, you fellows!" and a moment after, "I tell you, quit!—or I'll come up and make you!"

We opened our lazy eyes to see what was the matter, and there sat the Bos'n, down in the cabin, close to the companionway, the tassel of his knitted cap coming nearly up to the combings of the hatch; and on the deck outside sat Middy, digging his claws into the tempting yarn, and occasionally going deep enough to scratch the Bos'n's scalp. When night came and we were all settled down in bed, it was Middy's almost invariable custom to go the rounds of all the berths, to see if we were properly tucked in, and to end his inspection by jumping into the captain's bed,



"HE WAS HOISTED WITH THE MAIN-GAFF."

treading himself a comfortable nest there among the blankets, and curling himself down to sleep. It was his own idea to select the captain's berth as the only proper place in which to turn in.

But the most interesting trait in Middy's character did not appear until he had been a week or so on board. Then he gave us a surprise. It was when we were lying in Camden harbor. Everybody was going ashore to take a tramp among the hills, and Charlie, the cook, was coming too, to row the boat back to the yacht.

Middy discovered that he was somehow "getting left." Being a prompt and very decided cat, it did not take him long to make up his mind what to do. He ran to the low rail of the yacht, put his forepaws on it, and gave us a long, anxious look. Then as the boat was shoved off he raised his voice in a plaintive mew. We waved him a good-by, chaffed him pleasantly, and told him to mind the anchor, and have dinner ready when we got back.

That was too much for his temper. As quick



"HE SELECTED THE CAPTAIN'S BERTH."

as a flash he had dived overboard, and was swimming like a water-spaniel, after the dinghy!

That was the strangest thing we had ever seen in all our lives! We were quite used to elephants that could play at see-saw, and horses that could fire cannon, to learned pigs and to educated dogs; but a cat that of his own accord would take to the water like a full-blooded Newfoundland was a little beyond anything we had ever heard of. Of course the boat was stopped, and Middy was taken aboard drenched and shivering, but perfectly happy to be once more with the crew. He had been ignored and slighted; but he had insisted on his rights, and as soon as they were recognized he was quite contented.

Of course, after that we were quite prepared for anything that Middy might do. And yet he always managed to surprise us by his bold and

and looking eagerly toward the other yacht. What did he see—or smell—over there which interested him? It could not be the dinner, for they were not then cooking. Did he recognize



"MIDDY WAS TAKEN ABOARD."



"STOP THAT, YOU FELLOWS!"

independent behavior. Perhaps his most brilliant performance was a visit he paid a few days after his swim in Camden harbor.

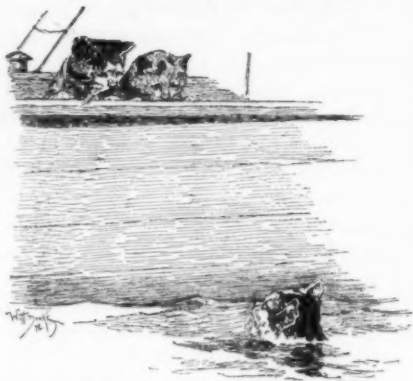
We were lying becalmed in a lull of the wind off the entrance to Southwest Harbor. Near us, perhaps a cable's-length away, lay another small yacht, a schooner hailing from Lynn. As we drifted along on the tide, we noticed that Middy was growing very restless; and presently we found him running along the rail

any of his old chums from Marblehead? Perhaps there were some cat friends of his on the other craft. Ah, that was it! There they were on the deck, playing and frisking together,—two kittens! Middy had spied them, and was longing to take a nearer look. He ran up and down the deck, mewing and snuffing the air. He stood up in his favorite position when on lookout, with his forepaws on the rail. Then, before we realized what he was doing, he had plunged overboard again, and was making for the other boat as fast as he could swim! He had attracted the attention of her company, and no sooner did he come up alongside than they prepared to welcome him. A fender was lowered, and when Middy saw it he swam toward it, caught it with his forepaws, clambered along it to the gunwale, and in a twinkling was over the side and on the deck scraping acquaintance with the strange kittens.

How they received him I hardly know, for by that time our boat was alongside to claim the runaway. And we were quite of the mind of the skipper of the "Winnie L.," who said, as he handed our bold midshipman over the side, "Well, that beats all *my* going a-fishing!"

Only a day or two later Middy was very disobedient when we were washing decks one morning. He trotted about in the wet till his feet were drenched, and then retired to dry them on the white spreads of the berths below. That was quite too much for the captain's pa-

tience. Middy was summoned aft, and, after a sound rating, was hustled into the dinghy which was moored astern, and shoved off to the full length of her painter. The punishment was a severe one for Middy, who could bear anything better than exile from his beloved shipmates. So of course he began to exercise his ingenious little brain to see how he could escape. Well under the overhang of the



"THEY PREPARED TO WELCOME HIM."

yacht he spied, just about four inches out of water, a little shoulder of the rudder. That was enough for him. He did not stop to think whether he would be any better off there. It was a part of the yacht, and that was home. So overboard he went, swam for the rudder, scrambled on to it, and began howling piteously to be taken on deck again; and, being a spoiled and much-indulged cat, he was soon rescued from his uncomfortable roosting-place and restored to favor.

I suppose I shall tax your powers of belief if I tell you many more of Middy's doings. But truly he was a strange cat, and you may as well be patient, for you will not soon hear of his equal. The captain was much given to rifle-practice, and used to love to go ashore and shoot at a mark. On one of his trips he allowed Middy to accompany him, for the simple reason, I suppose, that Middy decided to go, and got on board the dinghy when the captain did. Once ashore, the marksman selected a fine

large rock as a rest for his rifle, and opened fire upon his target. At the first shot or two Middy seemed a little surprised, but showed no disposition to run away. After the first few rounds, however, he seemed to have made up his mind that since the captain was making all that racket it must be entirely right and proper, and nothing about which a cat need bother his head in the least. So, as if to show how entirely he confided in the captain's judgment and good intentions, that imperturbable cat calmly lay down, curled up, and went to sleep in the shade of the rock over which the captain's rifle was blazing and cracking about once in two minutes. If anybody was ever acquainted with a cooler or more self-possessed cat I should be pleased to hear the particulars.

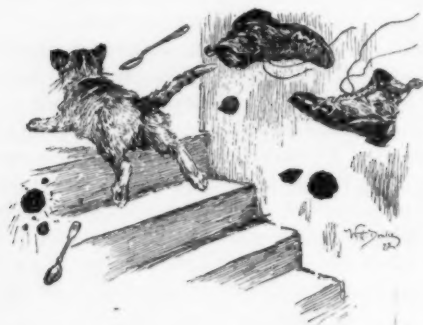
I wish that this chronicle could be confined to nothing but our shipmate's feats of daring and nerve. But, unfortunately, he was not always blameless in his conduct. When he got hungry he was apt to forget his position as midshipman, and to behave just like any cat with an empty stomach. Or perhaps he may have done just what any hungry midshipman would under the circumstances; I do not quite know what a midshipman does under all circumstances and so I can not say. But here is one of this cat midshipman's exploits. One afternoon, on our



"MIDDY CURLED UP AND WENT TO SLEEP."

way home, we were working along with a head wind and sea toward Wood Island, a haven for many of the small yachts between Portland

and the Shoals. The wind was light and we were a little late in making port. But as we were all agreed that it would be pleasanter to postpone our dinner till we were at anchor, the cook was told to keep things warm and wait till we were inside the port before he set the table. Now, his main dish that day was to be a fine piece of baked fish; and, unfortunately, it was nearly done when we gave orders to hold back the dinner. So he had closed the drafts of his little stove, left the door of the oven open, and turned into his bunk for a quiet doze,—a thing which every good sailor does on all possible occasions; for a seafaring life is very uncertain in the matter of sleep, and one never quite knows when he will lose some, nor how much he will lose. So it is well to lay in a good stock of it whenever you can.



"MIDDY CAME FLYING UP THE COMPANIONWAY—FOLLOWED BY A VOLLEY OF SHOES AND SPOONS AND PIECES OF COAL."

It seems that Middy was on watch, and when he saw Charlie fast asleep he undertook to secure a little early dinner for himself. He evidently reasoned with himself that it was very uncertain when we should have dinner and he'd better get his while he could. He quietly slipped down to the stove, walked coolly up to the oven, and began to help himself to baked haddock.

He must have missed his aim or made some mistake in his management of the business, and, by some lucky chance for the rest of us, waked the cook. For, the first we knew, Middy came flying up the cabin companionway, followed by a volley of shoes and spoons and pieces of coal, while we could hear Charlie, who was rather given to unseemly language when he was ex-

cited, using the strongest words in his dictionary about "that thief of a cat!"

"What 's the matter?" we all shouted at once.

"Matter enough, sir!" growled Charlie. "That little cat 's eaten up half the fish! It 's a chance if you get any dinner to-night, sir."

You may be very sure that Middy got a sound wiggling for that trick, but I am afraid the captain forgot to deprive him of his rations as he threatened. He was much too kind-hearted.

The very next evening Middy startled us again by a most remarkable display of coolness and courage. After a weary thrash to windward all day, under a provokingly light breeze, we found ourselves under the lee of the little promontory at Cape Neddick, where we cast anchor for the night. Our supply of water had run very low, and so, just after sunset, two of the party rowed ashore in the tender to replenish our water-keg, and by special permission Middy went with them.

It took some time to find a well, and by the time the jugs were filled it had grown quite dark. In launching the boat for the return to the yacht, by some ill-luck a breaker caught her and threw her back upon the beach. There she capsized and spilled out the boys, together with their precious cargo. In the confusion of the moment, and the hurry of setting matters to rights, Middy was entirely forgotten, and when the boat again was launched, nobody thought to look for the cat. This time everything went well, and in a few minutes the yacht was sighted through the dusk. Then somebody happened to think of Middy! He was nowhere to be seen. Neither man remembered anything about him after the capsizing. There was consternation in the hearts of those unlucky wights. To lose Middy was almost like losing one of the crew.

But it was too late and too dark to go back and risk another landing on the beach. There was nothing to be done but to leave poor Middy to his fate, or at least to wait until morning before searching for him.

But just as the prow of the boat bumped against the fender on the yacht's quarter, out from under the stern-sheets came a wet, bedrag-

gled, shivering cat, who leaped on board the yacht and hurried below into the warm cabin. In that moist adventure in the surf, Middy had taken care of himself, rescued himself from a watery grave, got on board the boat as soon as she was ready, and sheltered himself in the warmest corner. All this he had done without the least outcry, and without asking any help whatever. His self-reliance and courage were extraordinary.

Well, the pleasant month of cruising drew to a close, and it became a question what should be done with Middy. We could not think of turning him adrift in the cold world, although we had no fears but that so bright and plucky a cat would make a living anywhere. But we wanted to watch over his fortunes, and perhaps take him on the next cruise with us when he should have become a more settled and dignified Thomas. Finally, it was decided that he should be boarded for the winter with an artist, Miss Susan H——, a friend of one of our party. She wanted a studio-cat, and would be particularly pleased to receive so accomplished and traveled a character as Middy. So when the yacht was moored to the little wharf at Annisquam, where she always ended her cruises, and we were packed and ready for our journey to Boston, Middy was tucked into a basket and taken to the train. He bore the confinement with the same good sense which had marked all his life with us, though I think his feelings were hurt at the lack of confidence

we showed in him. And, in truth, we were a little ashamed of it ourselves, and when once we were on the cars somebody suggested that he be released from his prison just to see how he would behave. We might have known he would do himself credit. For when he had looked over his surroundings, peeped above the back of the seat at the passengers, taken a good look at the conductor, and counted the rest of the party to see that none of us was missing, Middy snuggled down upon the seat, laid his head upon the captain's knee and slept all the way to Boston.

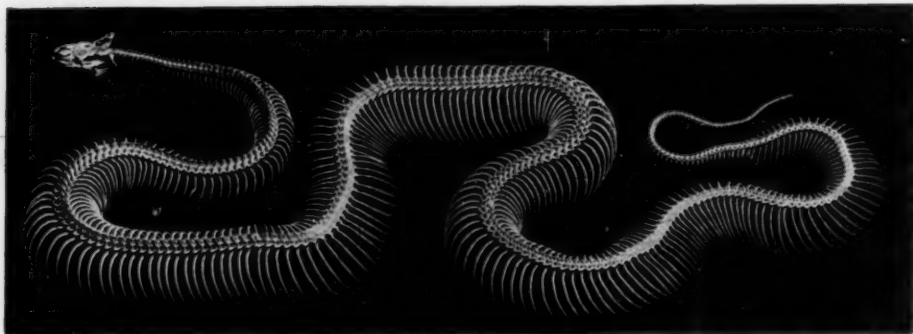
That was the last time I ever saw Middy. He was taken to his new boarding-place in Boylston street, where he lived very pleasantly for a few months, and made many friends by his pleasing manners and unruffled temper. But I suppose he found it a little dull in Boston. He was not quite at home in his esthetic surroundings. I have always believed he sighed for the freedom of a sailor's life. He loved to sit by the open window when the wind was east, and seemed to be dreaming of far-away scenes. One day he disappeared. No trace of him was ever found. A great many things may have happened to him. But I never could get rid of the feeling that he went down to the wharves and the ships and the sailors, trying to find his old friends, looking everywhere for the stanch little Eyvor; and, not finding her, I am convinced that he shipped on some East Indiaman and is now a sailor cat on the high seas.



"A SAILOR CAT ON THE HIGH SEAS."

SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES.

BY MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.



SKELTON OF AN INDIAN PYTHON. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.)

HAVE you ever thought what hidden beauties there are in the beings most shunned by man? Professor Huxley says, "The vertebra of a snake is the most beautiful piece of anatomy I ever saw." The movement of a snake, in the water or on land, is very wonderful and a mysterious sight to the unfortunate man whose limited acquaintance with nature has not enabled him to solve the riddle. He says, "Here is a creature with neither legs, nor wings, nor fins, and yet it moves with even more swiftness and grace than most animals which possess these means of getting about." How is it that this can be? We will look for a moment at the skeleton. We see that it consists merely of the skull, the backbone, and the ribs. The vertebrae are joined by exquisite ball-and-socket joints, and two ribs are attached to each vertebra, one on each side. Probably you have noticed that the under side of a snake's body is covered with crosswise plates, which scientific men call scuta. Now, instead of having the ribs attached to a breastbone, like the mammals and lizards, the snake has them attached to the scuta, so that, as Miss Hopley, says in her valuable book on Ophidians, the snake, instead of having no legs, really has two for each foot.

There are fifteen species found in Massachusetts. Two of them, the banded rattlesnake and the copperhead, are venomous; but I think that, at least in the eastern portion, the copperhead has become extinct. Rattlesnakes are found in the Blue Hills, which is probably as near Boston as one will be likely to see them. The common black-snake, *Bascanion constrictor*, whose species name, *constrictor*, comes from its mode of killing its prey, constricting or binding them,—in other words, hugging them to death,—is our largest snake, often reaching a length of six feet and over. Near my home I found a perfect skin of this snake, five feet and two inches long. The black-snake often lives in stone walls, and is fond of climbing into a tree overhanging the water. Here it wraps a few folds about the branches, and watches its



A SNAKE'S RIB.

chance to snap up any nice little frog which hops by, a bird, if one alights near enough, or perhaps a field-mouse scampering along. This

snake has a great deal of curiosity, and is said to follow men and beasts long distances; but it retreats instantly if turned upon. It is harmless, and should you by chance disturb or tread upon it, the worst it would do would probably be to wrap a few folds about your legs, or stick out its tongue, or possibly give you a slight bite.

One of the handsomest of our snakes is the checkered adder, chicken-snake, or thunder-and-lightning snake, as it is variously styled. The title of chicken-snake comes from its alleged fondness for sucking eggs. The accusation may or may not be true; but I found one in a half torpid condition, one early spring day, in a hen-house.

You may have seen the striped or garter-snakes of which two species inhabit Massachusetts, the smaller being called the swift garter-snake. The larger one is at home alike on land and water. I have often seen them catching grasshoppers; and here I must stop a moment to tell you of the strange way this snake has of eating. When he catches a grasshopper or little frog, he opens his jaws so wide that they are actually out of joint. Having taken his food into his mouth, he readjusts the jaws, holds the animal for some time, so that it may become thoroughly moistened, and then, with a mighty gulp, swallows it. The handsomest snake in my collection is a garter-snake brought to me, by a friend, from Canada, where they grow larger and finer than in New England.

Next in size to the racer, or black-snake, comes the red-bellied water-snake. He is a rough-looking fellow, owing to each of his scales having a little keel or ridge in the middle.

One warm still day in April I was walking along the shores of a small pond, hoping I should see some signs of the snakes waking from their long winter's nap. Suddenly I

stopped. Could those enormous gray-black coils about the roots of that little oak-tree be the body of a snake? I touched them with the handle of my long net; instantly the creature thrust forth a wicked-looking head. How wicked were those fixed, glittering eyes! I stood spellbound, experiencing at once the over-powering fear, mis-

which snakes all other liv-
was a snake,
poison - sacs,

taken for fascination,
are said to cause in
ing creatures. Here
with neither fangs nor
which did not con-

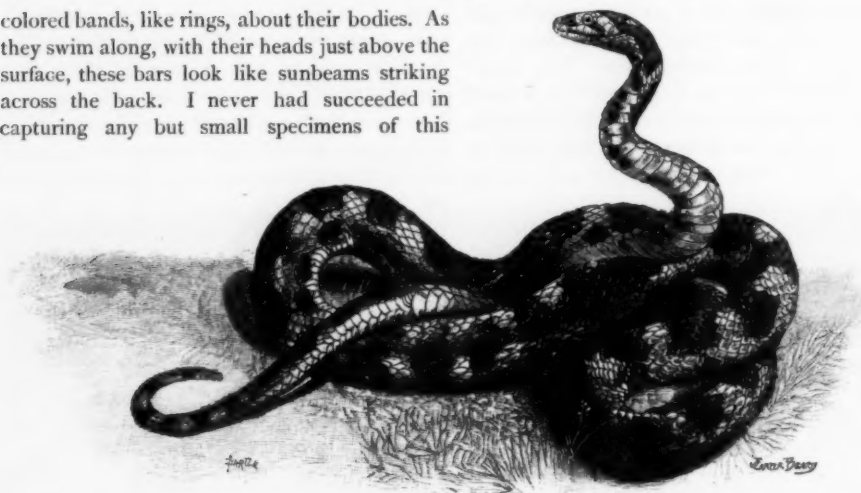


THE BLACK-SNAKE.

strict, and yet I felt that he had the power to kill me instantly, should he choose to do so.

I have since come to the conclusion that this reptile was the grandfather of the tribe of red-bellied water-snakes which inhabit that pond. They are very numerous hereabouts, and the young and half-grown ones have beautiful light-

colored bands, like rings, about their bodies. As they swim along, with their heads just above the surface, these bars look like sunbeams striking across the back. I never had succeeded in capturing any but small specimens of this

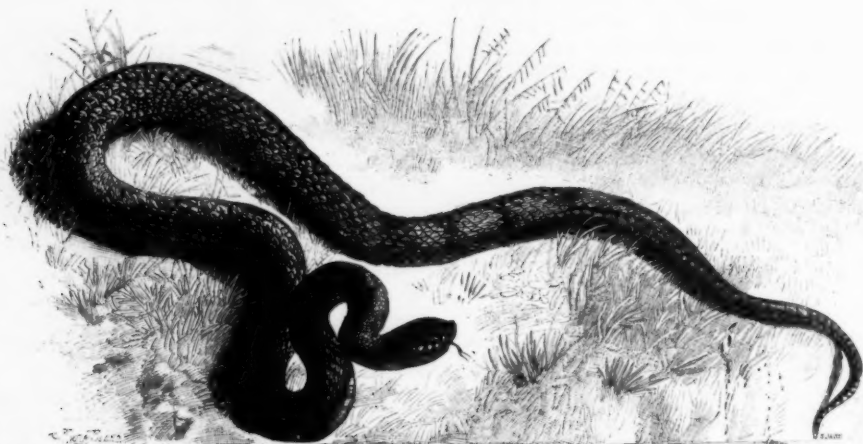


THE THUNDER-AND-LIGHTNING SNAKE.

snake, and, as I wanted a good one, with the bright-red color on the under side of the body, which is not attained until he has grown quite large, I started out with my can, net, and thick gantlet glove, determined to secure a large one if I could.

In the middle of the pond were the remnants of an old raft. I counted five snakes and two turtles sunning themselves thereon. "I'll have

one of those before I go home!" I said to myself. I threw some stones, hitting the raft and scattering its occupants into the water. I waited a long time after this, watching a snake snap up little frogs, and all at once it occurred to me that possibly I myself might make use of a frog for bait. I saw a dead one floating near the bank. Only a few feet out was a large flat rock. I managed to reach this dry-shod, and,



THE RED-BELLIED WATER-SNAKE.



A RATTLESNAKE COILED.

stooping, dropped my frog gently into the head coming toward the bait. I lay flat on the water. My heart thrilled as I saw a little dark rock and held my gloved hand ready. Nearer

he came and nearer, and when he seemed to be within reach I made a quick plunge to my elbow—only some weeds were clutched tight between my fingers. Another hour of long, patient waiting, and the coveted prize came once more to the surface. This time I brought him up in triumph, twisting and writhing.

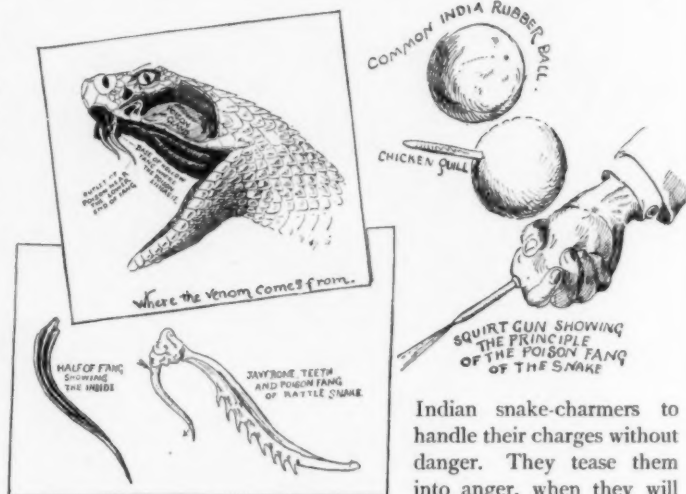
My only rattlesnake was caught alive by a young girl who had that summer killed eleven on her farm in California. This snake has five rattles, which, if we believe they denote the age, will show that he is five years old. Darwin believed that the rattle, besides being used as a warning to keep off the snakes' enemies, sometimes is employed to call their mates.

The heads of most of the venomous snakes, including the "rattlers" bulge just beyond the neck. Without exception they have fangs, either always erect, or raised and laid back at will. These fangs are long, sharp-pointed teeth, with a hollow groove running their entire length. At the root of each fang is a little bag of poison. When the snake bites, the motion presses the poison-sac, and its contents flows down through the hollow in the tooth into the puncture or wound. The harmless little forked tongue is often spoken of by the uninformed as the snake's "stinger." Now, there is no propriety in the name, as the poisonous snakes do not sting, but *bite*, their victims. There is no creature, even if brought from foreign countries where "rattlers" do not exist, but will halt and tremble at the first warning sound of the rattle.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with others, has been making experiments with the venom of different serpents. He has found that, aside from its poisonous qualities, it contains living germs, which have the power of increasing enor-

mously fast. So, you see, when an animal is bitten, these tiny bits of life, entering with the poison, cause harmful action to begin almost at once. Dr. Mitchell has found that the nervous center controlling the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if he cut off a snake's head, and then pinched its tail, the stump of its neck turned back, and would have struck his hand had he been bold enough to hold it still.

When a snake has bitten several times, the poison is quite exhausted for the time being, rendering the animal comparatively harmless. It is said to be this fact which enables the



Indian snake-charmers to handle their charges without danger. They tease them into anger, when they will readily bite a stick or bundle

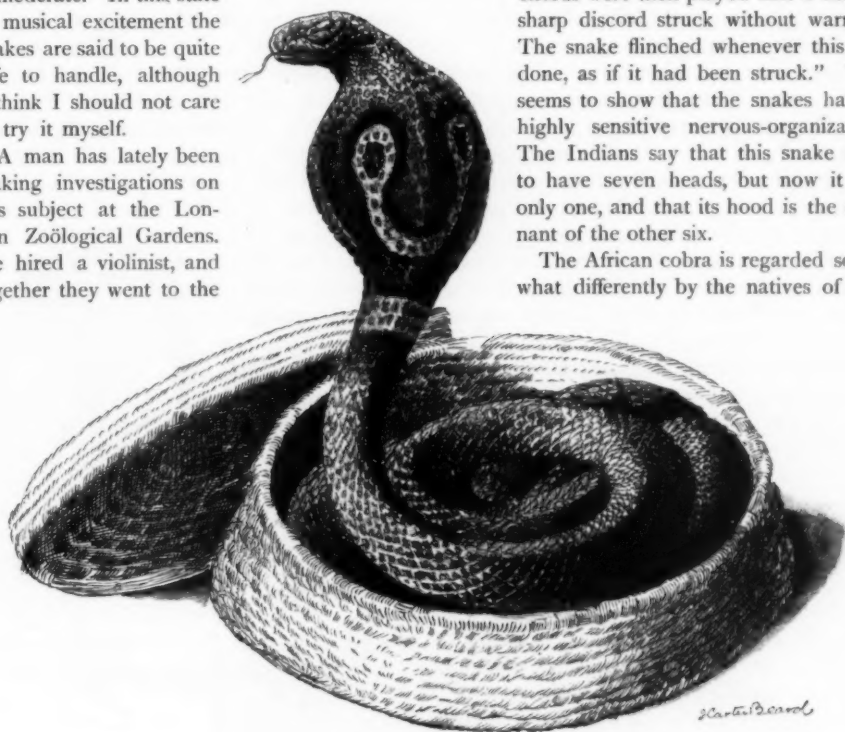
of rags, and so exhaust their venom. Perhaps it will be well here to say a few words more in regard to snake-charmers. Many kinds of serpents, especially the hooded cobra of India, are thought to be affected by music. In capturing them for exhibition, the Indian takes his bagpipe, and, stationing himself near an old well or ruin, begins to play. A cobra is almost certain to make its appearance soon, for they are very numerous in that country. They are held in sacred reverence, the little children calling them "Uncle," and setting saucers of milk for them to drink; and they are looked upon as guardian angels. Should one be killed the slayer would suffer death in punish-

ment. As the music of the bagpipe rises and falls, the snake seems to sway slowly to and fro, and, all unconscious, is seized by the musician's confederate. In this state of musical excitement the snakes are said to be quite safe to handle, although I think I should not care to try it myself.

A man has lately been making investigations on this subject at the London Zoölogical Gardens. He hired a violinist, and together they went to the

tremolo it puffed its body out; the violin suddenly produced the sound of bagpipes, which greatly excited the snake; . . . soft minor chords were then played and a sudden sharp discord struck without warning. The snake flinched whenever this was done, as if it had been struck." This seems to show that the snakes have a highly sensitive nervous-organization. The Indians say that this snake used to have seven heads, but now it has only one, and that its hood is the remnant of the other six.

The African cobra is regarded somewhat differently by the natives of that



THE HOODED COBRA.

serpents' quarters. He says: "We selected for our serenade a large yellow Indian cobra, which was lying coiled up asleep on the gravel at the bottom of his cage. At the first note of the violin the snake instantly raised its head, and fixed its bright yellow eye with a set gaze on the little door at the back of the cage, whence the sound came. The music then became gradually louder, and the snake raised itself in traditional attitude, on its tail, and spread its hood, slowly oscillating from one side to the other, as the violin played in waltz-time. There was a most strangely interested look in the cobra's eye and attitude at this time, and the slightest change in the volume or character of the music was met by an instantaneous change in the movement or poise of the snake. At the

country, who, once a year, kill a cobra-de-capello and hang its skin to the branch of a tree, tail downward. Then all the children born during the past year are brought out and made to touch the skin. This, their parents think, puts them under the serpent's protection. The cobra-de-capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due.

The Kafirs use the venom of this snake's cousin, the puff-adder, to poison their arrows; and when they have any small quantity left they swallow it, having a theory that it will protect them from the bad effects of future bites.

The Snake Tribe of the Punjab say that the

bites of snakes do not hurt them; and if they find a dead serpent, they dress it in clothes and give it a superb funeral.

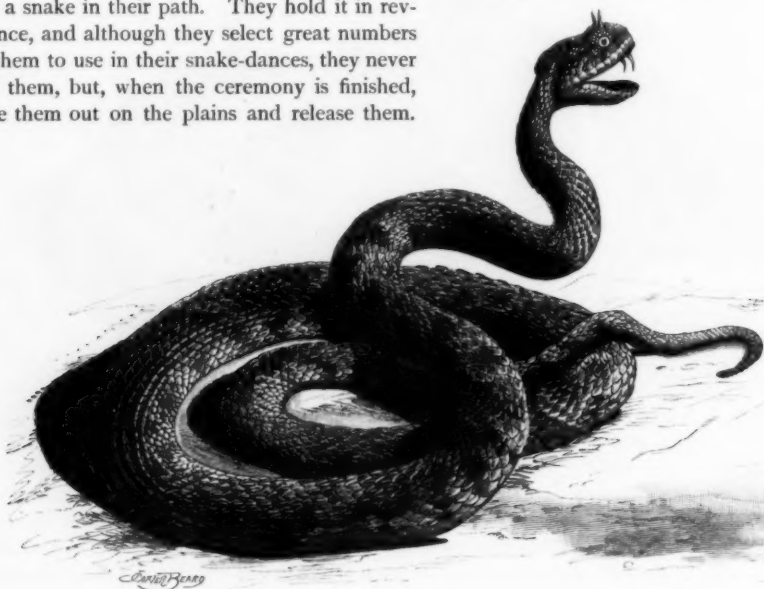
Some one has discovered that the leaves of a bitter aromatic plant, *Aristolochia Indica*, if bruised into a pulp, mixed with a little water, and swallowed, will often cure the bite of the Indian cobra. It has been known to cure even when the victim showed no sign of life save warmth of the body; but the most general remedy is the snake-stone. Professor Faraday has found this to be made of charred bone. It is applied to a bite, and when it drops off of its own accord, the patient is said to be out of danger. These stones are used also in Mexico.

Our own North American Indians will not kill a snake in their path. They hold it in reverence, and although they select great numbers of them to use in their snake-dances, they never kill them, but, when the ceremony is finished, take them out on the plains and release them.

fine, sharp, and pointing backward; so you see it would be very hard for a small animal, once caught, to escape after these teeth have fastened on him. If any teeth are broken or injured, they are replaced by new ones.

Snakes shed their teeth, now and then, as they shed their skins. Many of our wild birds use the snake-skins in nest-building.

In the fall, when the leaves begin to turn, and before the first frost comes, our snakes collect in numbers, from three or four to a dozen or more, roll themselves in balls, in a hole in the ground or in a hollow tree, and there they remain in a state of hibernation, or deep sleep, through the winter. They can live for a long time without food.



THE HORNED VIPER.

Some Zuñi Indians from New Mexico, with whom I became acquainted, refused to repeat their folklore out of doors for fear the rattle-snakes would hear.

A few words, now, as to the habits of snakes in general. All snakes, poisonous or otherwise, with the exception of the *Anodon* family, have two rows of teeth on the roof of the mouth,

One day, as I was putting a snake I had caught into a can that I carried for the purpose, a lady, hunting for botanical specimens, stopped and regarded me some moments in silence. Then she asked me what I was going to do with it. I answered, "Preserve it." Upon which she asked, "Do they make good preserves?"

TOM PAULDING.

(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAKING READY.



R. RAPALLO reported to Tom that the title to the vacant block was still in dispute.

"There 's no knowing," he said, "when that lawsuit will be settled. It has been going

on for seventeen years now, and everybody interested in it has come to hate everybody else; and so they persist in fighting like the 'Kilkenny cats.'"

"Then we can't get permission to look for the two thousand guineas?" Tom asked, anxiously.

"We shall have to do without permission," Uncle Dick replied. "And I suppose that we shall be trespassers when we go into that vacant block to dig up your great-grandfather's gold."

"It is n't our fault that our money is there," said Tom.

"No," his uncle responded. "It is n't our fault, and it is n't the fault of the first owner of the money; whereas if the first owner of the land had exercised proper care over it, he would have refused to harbor on it the body of a thief laden with stolen goods."

"When we find the gold," Tom asked, "do you think the bags in which it was tied will still be there, or will they have rotted away?"

"I should n't wonder if the bags would be gone," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"That 's what I thought," Tom continued; "and so I have bought some bagging. It 's coarse, but it 's very strong—and I don't think we need care about the looks—"

"If the gold looks all right," Uncle Dick

interrupted, "I don't think it will matter what we put it in."

"I 've asked Polly to make me four bags, just the same number the money was in when my great-grandfather had it," said Tom. "Of course, I did n't tell her what I wanted them for; I don't believe in trusting women with secrets. Do you, Uncle Dick?"

Mr. Rapallo smiled. "As I 've told you before," he answered, "the best way to keep your secret safe is to keep it all to yourself. That 's one reason I have n't told you yet how I propose to get the water for our hydraulic mining. But come out with me on Saturday afternoon, and I will show you how I mean to manage it."

Since his return from his journey, Mr. Rapallo had settled down into his old way of life at his sister's house. He was still irregular and erratic in his comings and goings. When he went out in the morning, the household never knew when he would return. Some days he seemed to have little or nothing to do, and on the other days he was apparently full of engagements. Knowing that Tom was free from his duties only on Saturday afternoon, he arranged to have that time free.

About three o'clock on the Saturday before Decoration Day, he and Tom walked over to the vacant block where the stepping-stones were, for a final examination before they should attempt to find the buried treasure.

The vacant block was of dimensions common enough in New York. It was about two hundred feet wide from street to street, and nearly a thousand feet long from avenue to avenue. The stepping-stones were on the northern side of the block about one third way from the eastern end; and over them projected the tongue of made land which had been filled in mainly with builder's rubbish. The original level of the ground sloped sharply from the east to the

west, as the brook had coursed briskly along, hastening away to the Hudson River.

Mr. Rapallo and Tom were pleased to find, what they had never noted before, perhaps because the entrance to it was overrun with brambles, that a culvert had been left to carry off the waters of the brook, which must, then, have been flowing, when the avenue on the western end of the block had been carried across, high in the air above the original level of the land thereabouts.

The brook, still easily to be traced by the stunted willows that once lined its bank, had dried up years before Tom and his uncle tramped along its bed; but the culvert had survived the stream.

"It is a piece of good fortune," said Mr. Rapallo, "that the old outlet of the stream is still here. It will serve to take away the water; and now we need not fear that we shall not have fall enough to carry off the waste we shall wash out of the bank."

"But where are you going to get the water?" asked Tom.

"Come and see," his uncle answered, leading the way from the sunken lots up the bank to the street level.

The stepping-stones were perhaps three hundred feet from the northeast corner of the block, and the tongue of land above them projected perhaps fifty or sixty feet into the hollow sunken lot.

Mr. Rapallo took Tom along the sidewalk of the street which bounded the block on the south, and they followed it until they came opposite the stepping-stones.

"Here," he said, laying his hand on a sort of iron post which rose from the sidewalk at the edge of the gutter, "what is this?"

"That 's a hydrant," replied Tom; "that 's to supply water to the engines when there 's a fire."

"Then why should n't it supply us with the water we need?" his uncle asked.

"Well," Tom hesitated a moment, "I suppose it would, perhaps. I don't see why it should n't. But how are you going to get a key to turn it on?"

"I 've got it already," Mr. Rapallo answered, taking the key from his pocket.

"Oh!" cried Tom. "But how are you going to get hose to fit this hydrant, and to reach 'way across the block here?"

"I 've ordered that," Uncle Dick replied. "I saw that you had done all the thinking over this problem and had worked it out for yourself, so I determined to help you all I could. I was n't going to see you fail for want of a little aid when you needed it most."

"Uncle Dick, I—" began Tom.

"I know all about it," said his uncle, checking Tom's thanks with a kindly pat on the shoulder. "You need n't say another word."

"But—" the boy began again.

"But me no buts," laughed Mr. Rapallo, "or I will not tell you anything about the hose I have ordered. There will be one section about forty feet long, like fire-engine hose, and made to fit this hydrant. Then I shall have perhaps a hundred and twenty-five feet of ordinary garden hose, with a valve and joint so that we can fasten it to the end of the larger hose."

"Won't the difference in size hinder us?" Tom inquired.

"I think not," his uncle answered. "The reduction in the section of the tube through which the water is delivered ought to increase the force of the current as it leaves the nozzle—and that is just what we want. The one thing that I am afraid of is that the common or garden hose won't be able to stand the strain put on it. But we shall have to take our chances as to that."

"Is the hose ready?" asked Tom.

"It is to be delivered at the house to-night," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"But then Polly will want to know what it is," Tom suggested promptly.

"And I shall not tell her," Uncle Dick declared; "at least, I shall tell her only that it is something for me."

"Well," Tom continued, "I suppose that she won't dare to ask you too many questions. But she 'll be wild to know what it is."

On their way home Tom asked his uncle what time he thought would be the best to begin work on Decoration Day morning.

"The sooner the better," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"Before breakfast?" Tom inquired.

"Before daybreak!" his uncle answered; "that is to say, it ought to be light enough for us to work soon after four o'clock, as the sun rises at half-past four."

"Oh!" said Tom, feeling that here was an added new experience for him, as he had never in his life been out of the house before six o'clock in the morning.

"We must get our work done before anybody is stirring about," Mr. Rapallo explained. "That's our only chance of doing what we have to do without fear of interruption. We don't want to have a crowd about us when we are playing the hose on that pile of earth there; and I think that hydraulic mining in the streets of New York is novelty enough to draw a crowd pretty quickly, even in this part of the city. Fortunately, there is hardly a house near enough to the place where we are going to mine to make it likely that we shall disturb any one so early in the morning. Besides, we sha'n't make much noise."

"It's a good thing that there is n't a station of the elevated railroad on either of the streets that go past the place," Tom remarked. "There are people coming and going to the stations at all hours of the night, so Cissy tells me. His house is just by a station."

"I do not think any one is likely to see us at work unless he suspects what we are up to," said Uncle Dick. "By the way, is there any danger from that inquisitive boy you used to call Corkscrew?"

"No," Tom answered. "I don't believe Corkscrew Lott will be up at half-past four—or at half-past six either."

"I hope we shall have our job done before six," said Mr. Rapallo.

"Of course," Tom continued, "Corkscrew would get up overnight if he thought he could pry out anything. But I don't believe that he will bother us this time, because he is kept abed with a sprained ankle."

"Then we need not worry about him," Uncle Dick remarked.

"I heard that he was better this morning," Tom added doubtfully. "Perhaps he'll be out by Decoration Day."

"I do not believe that there is much chance of this Corkscrew's bothering us; and if he

does, why—there will be time enough to attend to him then," Mr. Rapallo replied.

And when the time came, Uncle Dick was able to attend to him.

On Monday, Tom told Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary that all was ready to begin work the next morning. Decoration Day came on a Tuesday that year.

"Shucks!" cried Cissy, "that lets me out. Father will want to know where I'm going, if I try to get out of the house 'in the morning by the bright light,' as you want me to."

"And my mother would never let me go," said Harry Zachary; "at least not without asking awkward questions."

"I told Uncle Dick that I did n't believe you two fellows could get off; and he said he'd settle that."

"Father would settle me," Cissy declared, "if he caught me at it."

"Uncle Dick is going to ask Dr. Smith if you can't spend to-night with me so that we can all go off on an expedition with him in the morning."

"Then I guess it'll be all right," Cissy admitted. "My father sets store by your uncle. He knew him out in Denver, you know, and he thinks a lot of him."

"And how about me?" asked Harry Zachary.

"Uncle Dick's fixed that too," Tom explained. "He's going to get my mother to write to your mother inviting you over to our house to spend the night."

"I reckon that'll do it," responded Harry.

"Uncle Dick's going to take Cissy into his room; and you are to sleep with me, Harry," said Tom.

"I don't believe we shall sleep much," Cissy declared; "we shall be too excited to sleep."

"Napoleon used to slumber soundly before his biggest and bloodiest battles," Harry Zachary remarked reflectively; "and I reckon it's a good habit to get into."

As it happened, the boys went to bed far earlier than they had expected. Mr. Rapallo succeeded in arranging with Dr. Smith that Cissy should be left in his charge for one night, and Mrs. Zachary intrusted her son to Mrs. Paulding—to whom Uncle Dick gave no reason for the invitation other than that he was go-

ing to take the three boys out on an expedition, and that they would see the sun rise.

When Polly heard this, she wanted to go too. But Mr. Rapallo tactfully suggested a variety of reasons why she should not join the party; and some one of them must have struck the little girl as adequate, for she did not renew her request.

After supper—during which meal it had been very difficult for the three boys to refrain from discussing the subject they were all thinking about—Mr. Rapallo gave them each a coil of hose, and they set out for the vacant block. There was more hose than could conveniently be carried at once by the four of them. So they took about half of it the evening before, and left it in the open air, half hidden under the bushes. There was no moon, and Mr. Rapallo thought that it would be perfectly safe to trust the hose at night in a place where nobody was likely to go.

When they had returned to the house it was barely eight o'clock, but Uncle Dick promptly sent the boys off to bed;—or rather, he led the way himself, answering their protests by the assertion that they would need all the sleep they could get. He declared that he was not going to have his workmen too sleepy to see what they were about in the morning.

He set them the example himself, and all four were sound asleep before nine o'clock.

They had had nearly seven hours' slumber when Mr. Rapallo roused them. In the gray dawn—which struck them as being colder and darker than they had expected—the boys dressed themselves hastily. They gladly ate the bread and butter that Uncle Dick had ready for them; and each drank a glass or two of milk.

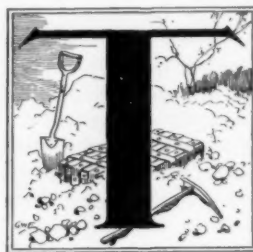
Then they crept softly down-stairs and out into the garden. Mr. Rapallo divided the rest of the hose among them, and took as his own load three light spades and a pickax.

Thus the procession set out. Tom's heart had already begun to beat with alternating hopes and doubts; he was in haste to get at the work and to find the buried treasure as soon as might be. Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary had a boyish delight in the pleasantly romantic flavor of the adventure. To them it

was as if they were knights-errant going to a rescue, or scouts setting out on a scalp-hunt, or, perhaps, pirates making ready for a sea-fight against a Spanish galleon laden with doubloons. Harry Zachary's imagination was the more active; but in his own way Cissy Smith took quite as much enjoyment in the situation.

CHAPTER XIX.

JEFFREY KERR'S BOOTY.



HEY walked on as the gray dawn was breaking with a faint, rosy tinge in the eastern sky. Two abreast, they bore with them the implements of their new craft. Tied in a bundle and slung

over his shoulder, Tom had also the bags in which to put the buried treasure.

When they had come to the vacant block, they set down part of the hose on the sidewalk. The rest they carried with them down the steep sides of the lot.

The first thing Tom and Mr. Rapallo did was to make sure that the things which had been brought overnight were still there. Apparently no one had touched these; probably no one had even seen them.

"Now, boys," cried Uncle Dick, "I'll go to work and get the hose ready, while you dig me a trench to carry off the water and the waste it will wash down."

The stepping-stones crossed what had been the middle of a wide pool into which the brook had broadened. A little below, the ground sloped away sharply. As Tom believed that the remains of Jeffrey Kerr lay at the bottom of the pool, covered with sand, it was needful to remove not only the later rubbish, shot down from the street when the projecting tongue of land was made out into the block, but also to get a fall of water sufficient to carry off the sand at the bottom of the pool.

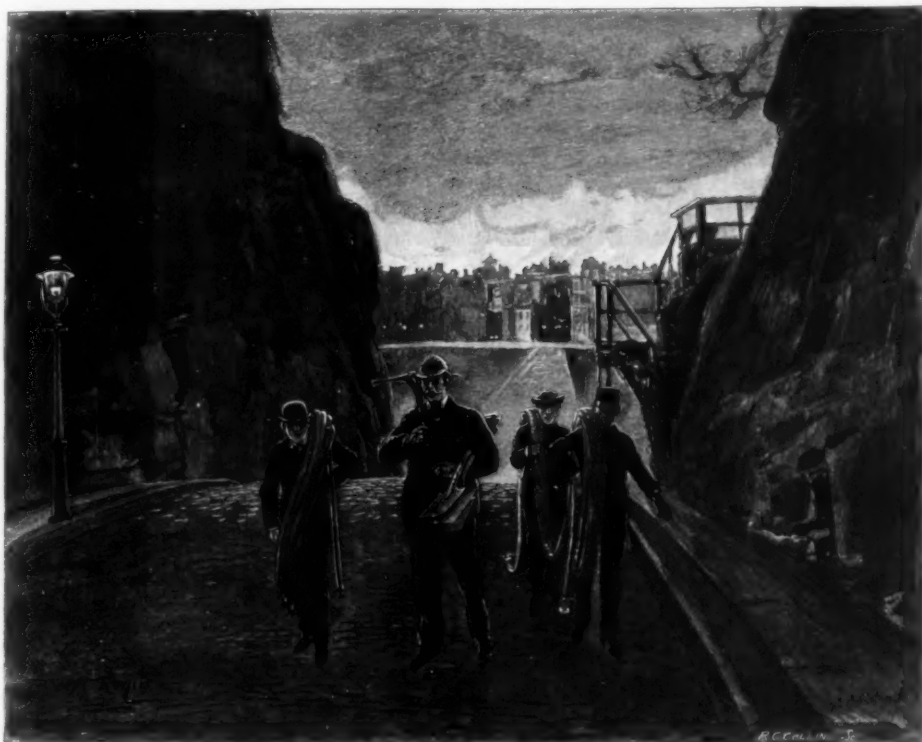
Fortunately, this was not a difficult task. By digging a trench a foot wide around a rock which had retarded the stream, and by carry-

ing it along less than twenty feet, the natural declivity of the ground would then bear the water off to the open culvert at the end of the block.

Mr. Rapallo consulted with the boys as to the best course of this little trench. Then he roughly traced its path with the point of the pick, loosening the earth here and there where

ble tube more than a hundred and fifty feet long, with the hydrant at one end and a broad nozzle at the other.

When he had thus prepared the hose for its work, he went over to the trench to see how the boys were getting on. By this time the sun had risen and was visible, a dull-red ball glowing in the east and slowly climbing the sky.



"THUS THE PROCESSION SET OUT."

it seemed more than ordinarily compact. They set to work with the spades he had brought, while he went over to make ready the hose. The sections of common kind were first unrolled and stretched out across the block from the point of attack toward the hydrant. He screwed them firmly together. Then he went up to the hydrant and fastened to it the section of heavier hose, to the lower end of which was affixed a screw-joint to receive the end of the garden hose. By the aid of this, Mr. Rapallo joined the two kinds; and he had then a flexi-

"Are you all ready?" cried Tom, as his uncle came up.

"I can turn on the water now if you have the trench done," was the answer.

The boys had followed the line Mr. Rapallo had traced, and, working with the eagerness and enthusiastic strength of youth, they had dug a ditch both broader and deeper than he had declared to be necessary.

"That 's excellent," said Uncle Dick, when he saw what they had done. "It could n't be better."

"Shall we knock off now?" asked Cissy.

"You need n't do anything more to the trench," Mr. Rapallo answered. "That is just right. Gather up the spades and take them out of the way of the water."

Then as they drew back he explained what he proposed next. What they needed to do was to lay bare the original surface of the pool by the stepping-stones. To do that they would have to wash out a hole in the bank at least twenty feet broad, perhaps fifteen high, and certainly ten feet deep.

"Can you do that with the hose?" asked Cissy, doubtfully.

"I think so," Mr. Rapallo answered. "Luckily we shall have a strong head of water. Owing to the work on the new aqueduct, part of the supply for this portion of the city has been shut off below us for three or four days, so that hereabouts there is a very full pressure. What I'm most in doubt about is whether this small hose will stand it. We might as well find out as soon as possible. Tom, you can take this key and turn on the hydrant up there."

Tom hastily grasped the key, and sprang away across the open space. In a minute he had climbed to the street and turned on the water.

Mr. Rapallo seized the hose by the long brass nozzle and stood pointing it firmly toward the bank of earth before him. As Tom opened the valve of the hydrant, the long line of hose stiffened and filled out. There was a whishing of air out of the nozzle as the water rushed into the flexible tube. At the juncture of the larger hose with the smaller the joint was not tight, and a fine spray filled the air.

"Let's see if you can tighten that," cried Mr. Rapallo to Cissy, who ran back at once and succeeded in nearly stopping the leak.

Then the smaller hose distended to the utmost. But Mr. Rapallo's fears were groundless, for it was stanch and stood the strain.

It seemed but a second after Tom had turned the handle of the hydrant that a stout stream of water gushed solidly from the end of the pipe and curved in a powerful arch toward the bank before them.

Uncle Dick turned the stream upon the lower end of the trench the boys had dug, and in a

minute he had washed it out to double its former capacity.

On his way back Tom joined Cissy and assisted him to tighten the valve which united the two kinds of hose. Harry Zachary had been helping Mr. Rapallo to get the end of the tube



into working order, adjusting the curves and straightening it, so the utmost force of water might be available.

When he had washed out their trench, Mr.

Rapallo raised the nozzle and carefully directed the stream full at the center of the bank before him, striking it at what had been the level of the ground before the filling in. The water plunged into the soft earth, and in less than five minutes it had washed out a large cave five or six feet deep.

Then Uncle Dick brought the force of the current again into the ditch which had partly filled up. The stream, adroitly applied first at the lower end, swept out the trench as if a giant were at work on it with a huge broom.

Turning the water again on the bank of earth, Mr. Rapallo loosened the overhanging roof of the cavern he had first made, and it fell in soft heaps as the stream bored its way into the mound of earth. The hose removed the dirt faster than a dozen men could have shov-

"IN A SECOND, CORKSCREW
WAS SOAKED THROUGH."
(SEE PAGE 744.)

eled it away; and a little attention now and then served to spread the washed out stuff over the lower part of the vacant block, leaving open a channel by which the water could make its escape to the culvert.

Minute by minute the cavity in the tongue of made land grew larger and larger, and the rubbish dumped there—ashes, builder's dirt, even old bits of brick and odds and ends of broken plaster—seemed to melt away under the impact of the curving current of water.

The sun slowly rose, and its early rays fell on this bending fountain, which sparkled as if it were a string of diamonds. As yet not a single passer had disturbed them at their work. But now and again the rattle of an early milk-cart could be heard in the morning quiet.

Once, when the bulk of the earth to be removed was nearly gone, Harry Zachary tapped Mr. Rapallo on the shoulder and pointed to the avenue on the west of them. Uncle Dick turned off the flow at once and in the silence they heard the wagon of a market-gardener come rumbling toward them. Mr. Rapallo raised his hand, and they all sheltered themselves hastily under the shadow of the bank until the intruder had passed on out of hearing.

As Uncle Dick turned on the water again he said, "We 've been very lucky, so far. But as soon as we get this first job done I think we had better put out sentinels."

In a few minutes more the heap of dirt was washed away and the original level of the ground was laid bare up to the edge of the tall rock by the side of which Tom hoped to find his great-grandfather's guineas.

Uncle Dick thoroughly cleaned out the trench again and then turned off the stream.

"Now, Tom," he said, "here we 've got down to the surface of the soil as it used to be. We are now standing on what was the bottom of the brook before it dried up. Where had we best begin on this?"

"Here," Tom answered, pointing to the base of the tall rock. "At least it seems to me that if a man tried to cross on those stepping-stones there, and got washed off by the brook, his body would be carried into the pool there, and then it would be rolled over and over and nearer and nearer to that rock."

"Well," Uncle Dick returned, "I think that's the place, myself. But we must clear away here so that the water can get in its fine work."

He took the pickax and loosened a few stones and pried them out. The boys opened another trench leading down to the first ditch.

When this was done, Mr. Rapallo said, "We shall know in ten minutes now whether Tom has located his mine properly, or whether the claim is to be abandoned."

Tom was excited, and his voice shook as he answered, "Go ahead, Uncle Dick; the sooner I know the better."

"I think we ought to have outposts," Mr. Rapallo declared. "Cissy, will you keep your eyes open for any one approaching from the south or east? Harry, you take charge of the north side and the west. Tom, stay with me."

This last admonition was hardly necessary, as it would have been difficult to make Tom move a step just then.

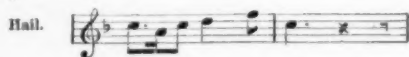
Cissy went back to the left of the group and looked about him. Harry withdrew a little to the right. But the fascination of expectancy was upon them both, and they kept a most negligent watch. They had eyes only for the stream of water, as Mr. Rapallo turned it on again and as it tore its way into the compact sand which had formed the bottom of the brook. Only now and again did they recall their appointed duties, and then they would give but a hasty glance around.

The current of water washed out the edge of the bottom of the pool, and Mr. Rapallo was able to expose a depth of fully five feet, into which the stream was steadily eating its way.

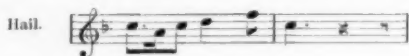
As the open space approached nearer and nearer to the tall rock at the base of which Tom hoped to find the buried treasure, his heart began to beat, and he pressed forward in his eagerness to be the first to see whatever might have been hidden in the sand of the brook.

When about two yards remained between the tall rock and the widening breach made by the water, he thought he caught sight of something white. With a cry he sprang forward, and just at that moment the stream washed away the sand which had concealed the bones of a human foot and leg.

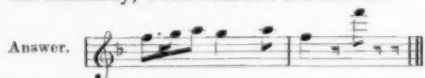
At that moment there came a whistle from Cissy Smith:



In a second, as it seemed, this was followed by a second warning from Harry Zachary:



Involuntarily, Tom whistled the answer:



Then he looked at Cissy, who was pointing to the figure of a man standing on the sidewalk behind them, within a yard of the hydrant.

Mr. Rapallo looked also, and then waved his hand. The man waved back.

"That 's all right," said Uncle Dick.

Something in the man's gesture seemed familiar to Tom as he saw it indistinctly in the growing light of the morning.

"Is n't that the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall?" he asked.

"Yes," his uncle replied. "And is n't that your friend Corkscrew?" he continued, indicating a tall figure in high boots who was then advancing out on the tongue of made land before them.

This was the stranger Harry Zachary had seen when it was too late. As this visitor came to the edge of the hollow which they had washed out, they knew that it was Corkscrew Lott.

"What 's he doing here?" Tom wondered. "I thought he was in bed with a sprained foot."

"I 'll send him to bed again with a shock of surprise," said Mr. Rapallo, raising the nozzle again and turning on the stream.

As it gushed forth, Uncle Dick aimed it full and square at Corkscrew, and it took the intruder first in the chest and then in the face. In a second he was soaked through. He turned and twisted and staggered back, but Mr. Rapallo never relented. The full stream was kept steadily on the inquisitive visitor until the tall boy crawled out on the sidewalk and started home on a full run.

As soon as he was out of sight, Tom cried to Mr. Rapallo, "Turn it on the place where it was before, Uncle Dick; I think I saw a bone there!"

"I thought I saw it, too," Mr. Rapallo replied, as the full head of water began searching again in the sand.

Tom ran forward as far as he could, and in a moment he gave a cry of joy; for the water was uncovering a human skeleton, and among the bones he had caught a glitter of gold.

(To be continued.)

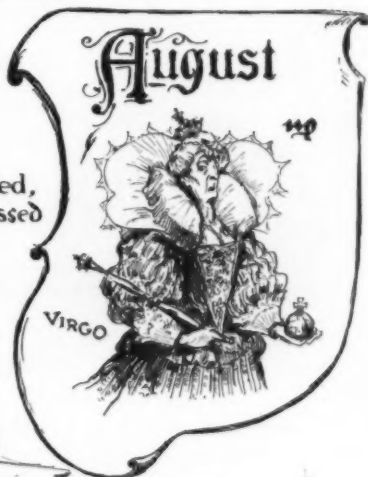


A CURIOUS TANDEM.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.

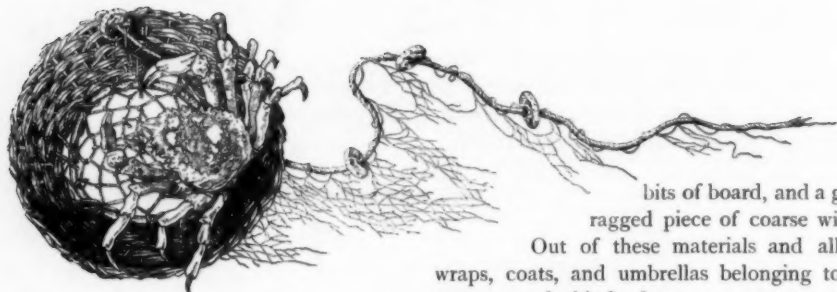
We slipped thro' the gate this afternoon
When Bridget forgot to latch it ;
A cricket fiddled a queer little tune ,
And we hurried along to catch it .
I wish we'd stayed in the yard and played ,
For we've wandered and turned and crossed
Up and down all over the town ,
Till Dolly is 'fraid we're lost .



I wish I'd minded mama just right ,
And thought of her smiles and kisses ,
For if we were forced to spend the night
In any such place as this is ,
My Dolly would die - and so should I -
But the only plan I see
Is just to stay till they come this way
And find my Dolly and me .

A QUIET BEACH.

BY W. A. ROGERS.



"I DON'T want to see de yelephant; fere does the sand-diggin's begin?"

That was what Bobby said as he toddled over endless plank-walks, catching occasional glimpses of the sea between merry-go-rounds dancing-platforms, and bathing-pavilions.

It was a desire to please this disappointed little lad that led to the discovery of the quiet beach; a place of pure delight to old-fashioned folks and little children who can see in an unbroken stretch of shining sand a pathway of infinite wonders.

No doubt the people who like the din and bustle of the great resorts would find this quiet beach unendurably stupid; but to those who had eyes to see and ears to hear there was entertainment in plenty.

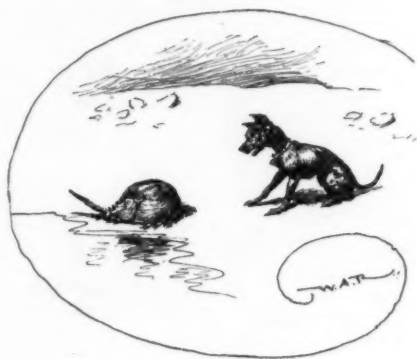
It would be more generous, perhaps, to go into particulars and state just what train or boat these good people took when they journeyed to their delectable strip of sand. There are other old-fashioned people who would like to know where such a place of quietude could be found near the bustling city. But the risk of having this one haven of rest destroyed is too great to be taken lightly. It must suffice, then, to describe what these good people did and what they saw after they got there.

The first necessity of the party was a shelter from the sun. A little "beach-combing" resulted in the finding of many bamboo poles,

bits of board, and a great, ragged piece of coarse wicker.

Out of these materials and all the wraps, coats, and umbrellas belonging to the party, a rude kind of tent was constructed.

The children were informed in a very impressive manner by their father that the pieces of wicker had floated there from some great fortification where, in the shape of a basket filled with sand, it had formed part of a breast-work. But Hannah, the old colored nurse,



said it looked "mighty like de wicker dey use to pack dates wif." Whether it had formed a part of our harbor defenses or not was a matter of great moment until the family dog, a tiny creature, was observed attacking a belated horseshoe-crab that had been left ashore by the retreating tide.

Hannah got the children into their bathing-suits as soon as the shelter was completed, and Mr. Eugene (so Hannah called their uncle) ap-



"WAITING FOR A BIG WAVE TO TUMBLE THEM ALL OVER."

peared at the door of an abandoned fishing-shanty, ready to take the youngsters into the water.

It was a pretty sight to see the little people clinging to a great barrel-hoop, their uncle in the center, waiting for a big wave to tumble them all over.

A little way up the beach stood a lighthouse. There the children soon made acquaintance

youngsters into an old boat that lay half sunken in the sand, and then he would sit and spin them yarns about wrecks and pirates, and the mighty sea-serpent, while their eyes got big as his stories expanded.

When the sun was high a gentle breeze sprang up, and soon, like butterflies flitting over the waves, a fleet of canoes came sailing in close to the shore. Their skippers gazed curiously at the strange tent on the beach, evidently having taken it for the camp of some roving canoeman. Then they sheered off and flitted away again.

By and by a short little man carrying a square basket and a rod and reel came down the beach, and carefully selecting his ground rolled an old keg from a pile of drift, set it up on end and sat down on it. Then he jointed his rod, took some soft



"A STRANDED SCHOOL OF WOODEN DOLLS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

with the keeper, a jolly, old, brown son of the surf, who always wore a pair of oilskin trousers, were it fair or foul. Sometimes he would get the

clams from his basket, baited his hooks, and with a mighty whirl of the rod cast his line far out into the low, curling breakers.

The youngsters soon made his acquaintance also, and he showed them where to look for delicate little mussels, and told the boys how to cook them, so that to the contents of the hamper were added roast mussels cooked on a piece of an old sheet-iron trunk over a fire of drift-wood.

The older folks found the conglomerate canopy of umbrellas and things a great addition to their comfort during the heat of the day, but the youngsters in their bathing-trunks and big

There were nearly a hundred boys in line, and they moved along at a quiet pace toward a row of old weather-beaten bath-houses hidden in a cedar-grove.

The sad-faced nun sat down by the sea and opened a tiny black book to read while the boys donned their trunks in the bath-houses.

But the book slipped from her hands, and she sat looking out over the waves. Soon, from the cedar-grove the boys came trooping out, scampering over the sand and shouting with delight. But none as yet went into the surf, and it was a question to our little party how they were to bathe safely.

The sister picked up her little black book and arose; as she did so the scampering boys once more formed in line, this time holding hands and facing the sea. As the sister raised her



"AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION WALKED A NUN."

hats reveled in the sunshine, and constantly made new discoveries.

First it was a stranded school of wooden dolls. There were hundreds of the tiny weather-beaten idols. Bobby said Santa Claus must have been wrecked there. A big wooden sabot was the next find, and the children never tired searching for its mate.

Toward evening a strange, dark, moving line appeared on the beach to the westward. It soon resolved itself into a file of little boys, each carrying a towel and bathing-trunks over his arm.

At the head of the procession walked a nun, her sad, calm face almost hidden in the shadow of her black bonnet.



THE BLIND BEACH-COMBER. (SEE PAGE 750.)



hand the little fellows with a shout, rushed into the surf, still holding tightly to each other's hands; while the good sister walked up and down the line to see that no adventurous youngster got beyond his depth. When the

When their half-hour was up, they put on their orphans' clothes and trotted off in line behind the sister, each boy with a very damp pair of trunks over his right arm.

Our party was in no hurry to leave the beach,



"IT WAS AN OLD MAN BAKING CLAMS IN THE TIRE OF A WAGON-WHEEL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

bath was over she gave them half an hour's freedom on the beach.

This gave Bobby a chance to fraternize with them, and he found out that none of them had fathers or mothers; that this sister was very kind to them, but some of the others were not, and that they did not have ice-cream for dinner on Sundays.

but watched the sun go down until it shone on the far-distant sails of a fleet of yachts returning from a cruise, and finally touched only the uppermost sail of a square-rigged merchantman far out toward Sandy Hook.

Then the moon rose, and every one said a stroll up the beach by moonlight would be delightful. Soon they came upon an old



"ARMINTY."

man walking slowly in a zigzag course toward them.

In his hand he carried a stout hickory stick, which he continually poked into the drift as he followed the high-tide mark. He stooped occasionally to pick up some object and drop it into the pocket of his bedraggled linen coat.

There was something uncanny in the old man's actions that kept the whole party looking at him in silence. When he drew near they saw that he was blind; and as he passed by with wide open and stony eyes, entirely unconscious of their presence,

there was such an eager, greedy look upon his sightless face that a queer little feeling of horror came over every one. The old colored nurse heaved a sigh as she whispered:

"Dat was a fust warnin'; two more, an' poor old Hannah's time hab come!"

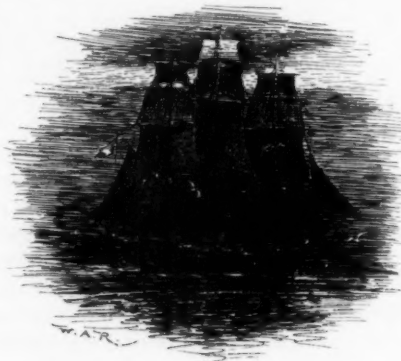
The passing of the blind man, and the gathering darkness, made the beach seem a very mysterious pathway; the stunted pines, torn and twisted by many a battle with the sea, looked to the children strangely like the dragons in their Japanese fairy books, and by and by, when they saw a little ring of fire ahead of them, and an old man with a long, white beard dancing over it, they thought they had surely entered in at the gates of Hobgoblin land.

But it was only an old man baking clams in the tire of a wagon-wheel.

"I 'm expectin' a big party down in a one-horse wagon, an' I 'm gettin' ready for it. Them 's my bathin'-houses," the old man said, pointing to what looked like a pile of old lumber and driftwood. "My house is just back of them trees. Ye can go in and set down. Arminty 's got sody an' ginger-ale, and sangiches if you want 'em."

So they went in and sat with Arminty awhile, and as something seemed to have happened to the "large party who were to come in the one-horse wagon," and it had failed to put in an appearance, they went out on the beach again and enjoyed the old man's clambake.

This was the end of that day on the quiet beach; for the old man with the white beard hitched up his horses to a crazy old four-seated wagon and took his guests to a station on a railway that shall be nameless, and in an hour they were at home in rather an old-fashioned quarter of New York.



TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Began in the January number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

It was the evening of the third day after Christmas. Mildred was sitting in the library reading one of the books her mother had given her. Major Fairleigh was sitting in his easy-chair; his hands were clasped behind his head, and he was idly looking at the fire. Mrs. Fairleigh, on the other side of the fireplace, was at work on some sewing, from which she every now and then raised her eyes to glance at her husband. At last Major Fairleigh took his hands down, while his head dropped wearily back against the chair, and he sighed. But happening at the same moment to catch his wife's anxious look, he tried to turn the sigh into a smile, and immediately said, with an attempt at cheerfulness:

"I wonder how Mildred would like to go."

"Go where, Papa?" asked Mildred, looking up from her book.

"To California," replied her father.

"To California!" exclaimed Mildred, opening her eyes very wide. "With you?"

"Yes," said her father.

"And mama?"

"We could scarcely go anywhere without mama, could we?" asked her father.

"Oh," cried Mildred, clasping her hands, "I should like it ever so much!"

Then Mrs. Fairleigh arose and going over to her husband's side, knelt down by his chair, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Do you mean it, Will? Will you go?"

"As I have before remarked, madam," said the Major, lightly, "I don't see the necessity of it, myself; but as you seem to have set your heart on traveling, I suppose that you will have to be gratified. So you may begin your preparations as soon as you like."

Mildred, who had been standing in front of

her father and mother all this time, looking and listening eagerly, did not altogether understand what was meant, but she understood enough to know that they were going to travel. And she burst forth eagerly with the question:

"When are we going, Papa—to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, sweetheart?" said her father, smiling. "Well, hardly. It will take us rather longer than that to get ready."

"It won't take me longer than a week, Will," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "I can get ready easily in a week."

"You are as bad as Mildred," said the Major, smiling at her. "However, we will call it a week if you like. We will start a week from to-day."

To say that Mildred was excited at this sudden announcement but partly expresses her state of mind. She did not know that the greatest events in our life generally occur most unexpectedly, and I do not suppose that it would have made any difference if she had known it. For to Mildred it seemed as though the world had all at once opened out before her; and she was filled with wonder and expectation, and, it must be confessed, some misgiving of what might lie beyond the safe shelter of her home. It was long before she could get to sleep that night; and the following morning, when she awoke, it was with a confused notion that something had happened—that some change had come over her life; but that it was really so wonderful a thing as a journey across the continent she could scarcely realize. A dreadful doubt arose in her mind that she had dreamed it all. But when she went down to the breakfast-room her mother assured her that the plan was no dream, but a reality.

Then Mildred felt that she must tell the news to somebody, and so, after breakfast, having obtained her mother's permission, she ran over to Leslie's house with the wonderful tidings.

Charlie was not at home; but Mildred had every reason to feel satisfied with the effect her words created on Leslie. Her friend listened with open eyes and mouth and then broke forth into all sorts of exclamations. But they were exclamations of regret rather than astonishment. For to Leslie it did not seem so astounding a thing for any one to start for California at a week's notice—or at a day's notice, for that matter. She was accustomed to such sudden "changes of station" in the army. But she did honestly regret losing Mildred.

When Charlie came in a few minutes later and heard the news, he did not say much, but he made it plain that he decidedly disapproved of the whole proceeding. It was rather hard, he said, just as they were all getting to know each other;—particularly hard, of course, for Leslie, he added, because there was no one she was so intimate with as Mildred. Mildred was not quite certain about this in her own mind, but she accepted Charlie's assurance in the spirit in which it was meant, and said that she would be very sorry, indeed, to leave them both.

"You don't know how long you will be gone, I suppose?" said Charlie.

"No," said Mildred. "I think we shall stay as long as it does papa good."

"Of course," said Charlie, trying to look more cheerful. "I expect it will do him lots of good, too; I'm sure I hope it will. And when you do come back we will get up another play. Shall we?"

"Yes," said Mildred, laughing a little; "I'm ready."

"Although," said Charlie, lapsing into gloom again, "like as not we won't be here when you come back. Pa's liable to be ordered off at any moment. That's the worst of being in the army,—just when you make friends you always have to leave them."

"Maybe pa will be ordered to California," suggested Leslie, by way of comfort. "Don't you know, Charlie, there's some talk of the regiment's going to California?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Charlie; "but they are always talking about the regiment's going somewhere. And at any rate, even if it did move, like as not I'd have to go to boarding-

school; and you would n't see Mildred out there, either."

Charlie's gloomy view of the subject was rather depressing for Mildred. In fact, when the time came, a few days later, for Mildred to go around and really say farewell to all of her friends, she did not find it a cheerful task. They all seemed to think California such a long way off, and the chances of her ever returning so very uncertain, that on the whole Mildred was glad when it was over.

Occupied in these and other preparations for her departure, the week slipped by so quickly that Mildred was quite startled when she awoke one morning and realized that it was her last day at home. And a trying day it proved to be. She had said good-by to the dear old attic, and to her dolls (all except Marie, whom she was going to take with her), and to Miss Betsy, the cat, and to the garden and the empty stable, and to all the loved, familiar places and objects, a dozen times. The trunks were all packed and there was little to do to occupy her mind, and that little the servants would not let her do. Both Amanda and Eliza went around with red eyes, and fairly overwhelmed Mildred with kindness. In fact, the moment Amanda had been told of the Major's decision, she had invited Mildred to make herself at home in the kitchen, and was continually cooking her some little tart or biscuit, just as if she was an invalid herself and needed delicacies; while Eliza insisted on waiting on her to such an extent that it was almost embarrassing, besides making Mildred uncomfortably sorry for having ever been ill-tempered with either of them. When at last dinner-time came, every one sat down and made a pretense of eating; for although Amanda had fairly outdone herself in making this last dinner a good one, no one had any appetite. It was a great relief when eight o'clock, the hour set for departure, arrived. Just before that time a huge transfer-wagon drove up and stopped before the house with a rattle and bang. There was a flashing of lanterns, a great upheaval of trunks on men's shoulders, and then another rattle and bang, and wagon and trunks disappeared in the darkness. After that the carriage, driven by Eliza's husband, was announced. Then the servants

gathered in the hall, and amid sobs from Eliza and tremulous good wishes and blessings from old Amanda, the final good-bys were said. Major Fairleigh was assisted into the carriage by his friend the surgeon, who had come to see

slowly out of the depot. Faster and faster it swung along to an iron tune of its own making; the street-lights grew scarce, and farther apart, and finally disappeared altogether; the row of lights on Long Bridge dwindled out of



"THE SCENE WAS ALWAYS CHANGING."

them off, Mrs. Fairleigh and Mildred followed, the door was slammed to, and away they rumbled through the lamp-lit streets to the depot.

Here, after the silence of the streets all seemed noise and tumult. Hurrying travelers and their friends, porters wheeling huge trucks heaped high with trunks, and train-men giving orders, made a scene of the greatest confusion. How they ever disentangled themselves from this throng, Mildred did not know; but, clinging closely to her mother's side, she at last found herself in the quiet of a Pullman car. Then the doctor took hasty leave, and the train glided

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sight and, last of all, the crown of lights on the mighty dome of the Capitol vanished, and with it the last trace of Washington and home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is not my intention to tell all of Mildred's experiences on that overland journey. In fact, I could not begin to tell all the surprising sights, the funny sights, the pretty, the tiresome, the startling, and the stupid sights that swept before her eyes like a panorama—a panorama set to the music of the untiring wheels singing

their iron song to the answering rails from sunrise to sunset, and from darkness to dawn. The scene was always changing, and as the train whirled on and on, it seemed to Mildred that they had passed so many farm-houses and cities, trees, villages, and rivers, that there could not be any more left to pass; but there always were. No matter if she sat for hours gazing out of the window in the daytime, or woke up in the night and peeped out at the side of the curtain, there was always a farm-house, or trees, or a village flitting by. Everything in the world was being left behind,—that is, everything except the telegraph-poles, for they always kept hurrying along by the side of the train, just as though they had charge of the scenery and were showing it to Mildred. Mildred began to feel quite a friendship for the telegraph-poles because they had come all the way from Washington with her. Then they were such dauntless fellows! Scaling the mountains, skipping down into the valleys, jumping rivers, and balancing themselves on trestles,—nothing ever stopped them. In fair weather or foul, there they were, dancing along to the hammering chorus of the iron song. That was a wonderful tune, too, that song of the flying wheels. It set itself to any words that Mildred pleased. When she was light-hearted it caroled cheerily, and when she grew tired it changed into a lullaby and soothed her to sleep. In fact, she grew so used to being sung to that when the train stopped at night at some water-tank or way-station, the silence often awoke her, and she did not go to sleep again until the train once more began its murmur along the rails.

When they crossed the Missouri River, at Omaha, it seemed as though the stock of farm-houses and cities, trees and rivers, had at last been almost used up, for they became very scarce, and in their place stretched the great level prairie with nothing on it but dry grass and prairie-dog mounds. The towns at which the train stopped were far apart; and some of them were no more than a single street of one-story frame-houses, set down on the open plain, with no trees or flowers about them—only rough men with slouch-hats and big spurs, and coils of rope at their saddles, who stood leaning against their shaggy ponies watching the train

as it came in. Her father said that they were out West now, and that these were "cow-boys."

At one of these stations Mildred saw some queer-looking people crouching on the platform, all huddled up in blankets with nothing but their heads showing. Their faces were dark like Eliza's, but their hair was long and black, and they had very high cheek-bones and Roman noses. Her father said they were Indians.

Mildred wondered why the people were not afraid of them; but no one seemed to be. She did not like to ask her father too many questions, as the doctor had told them at starting that he must be kept as quiet as possible. But after they had traveled further west, and Mildred had become used to seeing the Indians, she learned that they were tame Indians who lived near the stations; and that the wild Indians, like the buffaloes, were no longer seen on the line of the railroad; for which Mildred was not sorry. Sometimes they stopped at stations where there were soldiers, who interested Mildred more than did the Indians; for was not her father a soldier? Then, too, these were the plains that Charlie and Leslie, whose father was also a soldier, had talked about so often.

One night Mildred went to sleep after a good-night look at the prairies, and awoke in the morning to find herself in the mountains. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and the dark pine-trees arose out of it, bearing little white scraps upon their stiff limbs. Then, every once in a while, the glaring sunlight reflected from the snow outside was shut out, as the train entered what seemed to Mildred a tunnel. But she learned that these were snowsheds built to keep the snow from drifting on the track and stopping trains altogether. One of the passengers pointed out a place where a party of emigrants had frozen to death in the snow, many years previously, before the railroad was built. It seemed very queer to Mildred to see how bitterly cold and desolate it was outside and how easy it would be to starve and freeze to death in those solitudes, and yet, at the same time, how warm and pleasant and homelike it was in the car.

But this contrast was nothing compared to one that presented itself, a day or two later,

when the train began swinging down the western slope of the Sierras. In twelve hours they had left behind snow and rock, frost and pine-trees, and were gliding along in a pretty valley where the grass was green and the birds were chirping and the flowers blooming, all as though it was June, instead of January. In fact it was just as though they had ridden from winter into summer. Only the telegraph-poles and the iron song of the hammering wheels remained to remind the travelers of their home in the far-off East. And this was California.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was toward the close of the seventh day of their journey that Mildred, with her father and mother, arrived in Oakland, on San Francisco Bay. At the Sixteenth Street station a gentleman came into their car and, after speaking to the conductor, walked up to where they were sitting and said to Mildred's papa, "Major Fairleigh, I believe."

The Major instantly sat up (for he had been reclining with his head on a pillow) and, holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Why, Kenilworth! is this you? I'm glad to see you. This is very kind of you, indeed! You received my letter, then?"

The gentleman returned the greeting and, at the same time laying his hand gently on the Major's shoulder, said, "Don't disturb yourself, Will. Yes, I received your letter just in time to meet you."

Then Major Fairleigh said to his wife, "Mary, you remember my cousin, John Kenilworth?"

"I am glad to meet you once more, Mr. Kenilworth," said Mrs. Fairleigh, giving him her hand. "It is a long time since we have seen each other."

"Not since the war," he replied. "And this, I presume," he continued, turning to Mildred, "is the baby."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairleigh, smiling, "this is the baby."

And Mildred, who had been shyly looking at the stranger all this time,—this stranger who had seemed so far away when he had sent her oranges at Christmas-time,—came forward and

shook hands with him in acknowledgment of the introduction.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with dark hair and beard and dark eyes, and his face was browned by the sun, all except a white streak on his forehead where his hat shaded it. He did not talk much, but when the little party arrived at the Oakland mole, where they had to change cars for the huge ferry-boat that was to take them across the bay to San Francisco, he quietly took charge of everything. Mildred particularly liked the way he helped her father, just as though it was only because he was glad to be with him again, and not because he really needed assistance. Then, after he had seen her father and mother comfortably seated in the cabin, this new Cousin John took Mildred out on deck and showed her the lights of San Francisco twinkling through the haze and smoke on the opposite shore. He pointed out the "Golden Gate," and a great steamship coming in, which, he said, was the China steamer. It made Mildred feel very far away from home to think that out there in the purple twilight was the Pacific Ocean, and that close at hand was a steamship that had just come from China.

The immense harbor was filled with odd-looking ships,—foreign men-of-war, merchantmen, quaint little fishing-boats with red sails, great Chinese junks such as she remembered having seen in her geography, and all sorts of queer craft. Then, too, although the sun had set, the sky and the water and the distant hills were all softly colored and tinted; it was like a picture, a strange though beautiful picture.

It did not take long to cross the bay, and very soon they were rattling over the cobblestones of San Francisco, on their way to the hotel. And here again Mildred found something to wonder at; for they drove through an arched way and into a large courtyard; and in this court were palm-trees, broad-leaved bananas and glossy, dark orange-trees, set around in big, green boxes; while opening out upon the court was a large dining-room, in which could be seen ladies and gentlemen at dinner. Altogether it was a cheerful sight for tired travelers. Mr. Kenilworth had engaged rooms for them, and they found the gas lighted and fires in the grates, and great bowls of *La France* roses to

greet them,—a true California welcome. When Cousin John took his leave, his ears must have burned, so many pleasant things were said of him. Mildred, who, as has been before remarked, did not make friends quickly, especially sounded his praises. "I think he is just as nice as he can be!" she said.



"THE IMMENSE HARBOR WAS FILLED WITH ODD-LOOKING SHIPS."

The next morning Major Fairleigh was so worn out by his journey that he could not leave his bed. Of course Mrs. Fairleigh was very anxious about him, and when Mr. Kenilworth came she asked him to deliver the letter of introduction which Dr. Strong, their army-surgeon in Washington, had given them to a certain Dr. Merton who lived in San Francisco. Now this Dr. Merton was a physician who was very well known, not only on the Pacific coast but in the East as well, for his skill and wisdom. In fact, Dr. Strong had said that

he knew of no one whose opinion of Major Fairleigh's case he would rather have than Dr. Merton's.

Naturally, then, Mrs. Fairleigh was eager to meet this celebrated physician on whose words so much depended. He arrived at last,—a little gray-haired man with thoughtful eyes and slim white hands. Mildred, who had overheard from time to time enough to impress her with his importance, looked at him with awe as he passed into her father's room, but was rather disappointed that he was not bigger.

The doctor returned soon, saying cheerfully that Major Fairleigh was more in need of rest than of anything else at present, and that he would call again. He came the following morning and found the patient better, and prescribed a ride for the next day. They all went on that ride, Cousin John with his strong arms and quiet manner helping the Major. They drove through the park and out to the beach, where Mildred for the first time saw the Pacific stretching away to the horizon, and beyond,—to the shores of China and India, and the islands of the Southern Sea. They stopped at the Cliff House to rest, and, sitting on the veranda which overhung the surf, watched the seals swimming in the water and writhing over the rocks, with their ceaseless yelping and barking. Then they drove back through the park in the bright warm air with the blue sky overhead, and green lawns and gorgeous flowers around them—it was very hard to believe that this was the month of January.

Each day after this Major Fairleigh grew a little better. At the end of a week the doctor said that he was strong enough to go to the southern part of the State, where he would not

be confined to the hotel as he was in the city, but could be out of doors all day long. Cousin John wanted them to go home with him, promising them unlimited fresh air and all the comforts possible; but, unfortunately, his home was in the north and the doctor did not think the climate quite suitable.

"Indeed," said the doctor, "if you could take a sea voyage, to the Islands, that would help you more than anything."

"I rather fancy a sea voyage, myself," said the Major.

"Then by all means let us go," said Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Well," said the doctor, "think it over."

CHAPTER XX.

THE morning following this discussion, Mildred was sitting by the window watching the stream of people and vehicles passing by on the street below, and wishing that Leslie or Charlie might be with her to see the strange sights.

The Chinese, or "Chinamen," as every one called them, especially amused her. She had seen one or two Chinese before, on rare occasions, at the legation in Washington; but here in San Francisco they were so common that no one noticed them. There were Chinese laundrymen trotting along with big baskets of clothes

woman dressed in a loose gown of glossy black, with wide sleeves, a pair of purple trousers tied at the ankles, and on her feet dark Chinese shoes with very thick white soles, so that she had to shuffle along to keep them on. Her face was painted and her black hair trussed out with gold sticks. She held a child by the hand, a walking bundle of crimson and yellow clothes, with a gaudy round cap on its shaven little head, and red paint on its cheeks. They had stopped to buy a pomegranate from an Italian fruit-vender, and Mildred was wishing that she might see the funny little baby closer, when her mother came in and stood by her side.

Mrs. Fairleigh smiled when Mildred pointed out the Chinese woman and child, but was evidently thinking of something else. Presently she said:

"Mildred, dear, how would you like to go with Cousin John to his home in Arcata, for a little while?"

"With you and papa, Mama?" said Mildred, looking up quickly.

"No, dear," said her mother; "by yourself. Papa has almost made up his mind to take a sea voyage to the Hawaiian Islands," she continued. "The doctor thinks that it is best, and as we came out here to try and make papa well, I am very anxious to do just as the doctor says. Now, as we shall not be gone more than



"THEY HAD STOPPED TO BUY A POMEGRANATE FROM AN ITALIAN FRUIT-VENDER."

on their shoulders, and Chinese peddlers with pairs of huge baskets slung to a pole across their backs, and Chinese house-servants in white blouses with their queues hanging down from their shaven heads. And while Mildred was looking out of the window she saw a Chinese

two months, Cousin John has been kind enough to ask us to let you visit him."

"Oh, Mama!" said Mildred, looking up at her mother, while the tears came slowly into her eyes, "I don't want to do that! I don't want to go away from you!"

"Don't you, dear?" said her mother, sitting down by Mildred's side and putting her arms around her; "I was in hopes that perhaps you would like to go. It is for so short a time; and Cousin John has quite an affection for you, and you like him so much, and he says that he will do all that he can to make it pleasant for you. He has a ranch not very far from his home in Arcata, and you can go there with him and have a pony to ride, and see all the horses and cows and sheep. His housekeeper, who is an elderly relative of his, will take good care of you."

"But why can't I go with you and papa?" asked Mildred. "I would so much rather."

"And I would much rather have you, dear," said her mother; "but it is a very expensive trip, and we are spending a great deal of money; more than we can afford. In fact, papa was inclined to give up the idea of taking this sea voyage on that account, but I told him that I thought you would be willing to stay with Cousin John, and persuaded him not to abandon the voyage; because, of course, your staying would make a great difference."

Mildred was silent for a few moments looking out of the window, though she saw nothing through the blur of tears; at last she said:

"Then papa wants me to stay?"

"Papa says that you are to do as you like," said her mother.

There was another short silence, finally broken by Mildred's throwing her arms around her mother's neck and bursting into tears.

"Oh, Mama," she sobbed, "I can't! I don't want to! Do let me go with you, please do, Mama!"

"There, there, dear heart!" said her mother, laying her cheek against Mildred's head; "we are not going to force you to stay. Come, come, let us talk of it sensibly, and then if you make up your mind that you would rather not stay, why then you need not."

These assurances and sundry little caresses

gradually quieted Mildred, until, looking up with an attempt at a smile through her tears, she said apologetically:

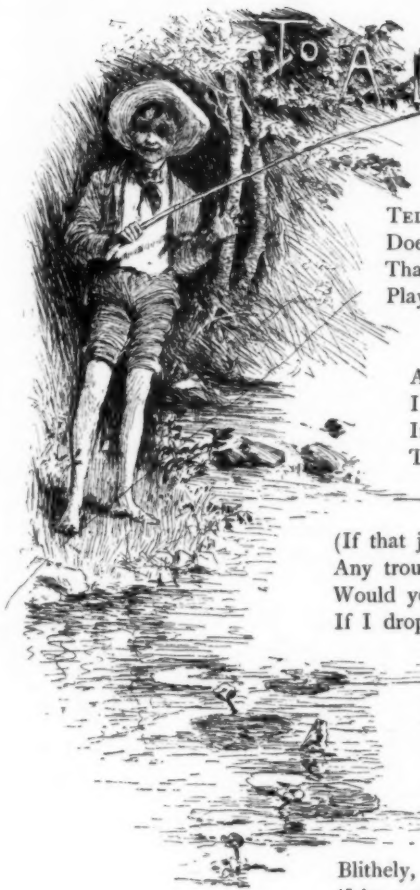
"You know, Mama, that I never have been away from you in all my life, and to have you and papa go across the ocean and leave me here all alone where I don't know anybody, it—it—" and here the thought once more so nearly overcame her that she had to stop and swallow the lump in her throat before she could add, "it made me cry."

"Of course, sweetheart," said her mother, consolingly; "I understand. And I am sure that it is very natural that the idea should startle you at first. But if I were you I would think about it a little before I quite made up my mind. And when you come to look at it I don't think that you will find it such a very dreadful thing. When I was your age I went to boarding-school and was away from home for five or six months at a time; and though I cried at first, I soon got used to it. There are times, you know, when we have to sacrifice our own wishes for our own good, or the good of others. That is what we call duty. And believe me, dear, there is no satisfaction equal to that which comes from having bravely done our duty. I remember a certain little girl who used to take great pride in hearing how her ancestors in ancient times were gallant men and women who did what they thought was right, no matter what it cost them. And I remember, too, how anxious that little girl was lest she should never have a chance to show how courageous she could be in time of trial. Do you remember?"

Mildred nodded her head, but without looking up.

"And I told you then," continued her mother, "that while perhaps opportunities to show heroism in war or sudden danger were fortunately rare, life was only too full of trials that needed a brave heart. And these are the ones, overcome alone and in silence, that are hardest to bear; and victory over them deserves the most praise."

(To be continued.)



TO A LITTLE TROUT

by Charles Henry Webb.

TELL me, tell me, little trout,
Does your mother know you're out —
That you're truant from your school,
Playing hookey in this pool?

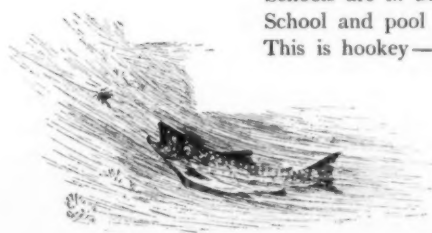
As you see, my little trout,
I desire to draw you out.
In the brook noise so abounds
That I cannot catch your sounds.

(If that joke he do but see,
Any trout should tickled be.)
Would you take the point so fine,
If I dropped you just a line?

Don't they teach it in these creeks
That when one above you speaks,
First, before a sole replies,
It is meet that you should rise?

Blithely, as becomes a trout
(I'm not angling for a pout),
Quickly take things on the fly,
For I've other fish to fry.

Thank you, thank you, little trout,
Schools are in but you are out:
School and pool alike forgot —
This is hookey — is it not?





HOW SHIPS TALK TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM KENNEDY.
(Formerly Commander S. S. "Germanic.")

A LONG trail of smoke issuing from the funnel of a tender about a quarter of a mile off attracted my attention, and I knew that my passengers had left the landing-stage at Liverpool, and would very soon be on board the steamer.

Leaving the wheel-house, where I happened to be standing at the time, I hurried below to the main-deck, and taking my station in a convenient place to receive them, I awaited their coming.

The tender rapidly approached, and in a few moments glided smoothly alongside. Ropes were thrown to us, and after everything had been made secure the gang-plank was run out, and without further delay the passengers proceeded to come on board.

Among the first to appear was a family consisting of a gentleman and his wife, five boys, and two maids. The gentleman and lady saluted me with a pleasant bow and smile, and I immediately recognized them as Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, from Philadelphia. A few weeks before, they had crossed with me from New York to Liverpool for the purpose of bringing home their five sons, who for nearly two years had been living in Germany.

I immediately went forward to receive and greet them. After the usual salutations were over, Mr. Quincy turned, and, waving his hand in the direction of the lads, said in a tone of fatherly pride:

"Captain, all these are my boys. William, the eldest, George, Harry, Jack, and here is our baby, Tom," taking hold of a little fellow of about six years, who had shrunk back behind one of his big brothers, and pulling him forward.

The faces of all wore a bright, intelligent expression, and, as each one advanced and extended his hand to me in an easy, gentlemanly manner, I saw at a glance that they were boys of whom any parents might be proud.

After a few words of conversation, the family left me, going aft to their rooms.

For the first three days the weather was wet and disagreeable; so much so that I saw but little of the passengers, and that only at meals. Even then very few were able to appear at the table. The saloon seemed almost deserted.

On the morning of the fourth day the sun came out, and the weather was glorious. Steamer-chairs appeared in all directions, and very soon after breakfast each had its occupant. The deck was full of life and animation.

Ladies and gentlemen were walking about, children were running this way and that, followed by their nurses, and all enjoying the first fine day we had had since leaving Liverpool.

I had come out of my chart-room and was standing forward under the bridge, taking a look at the horizon, when I felt a slight tug from behind, and at the same moment heard a clear, boyish shout, "Captain! Captain!"

"What do you want with me?" I exclaimed, turning quickly round to see who was at the end of my coat-tail.

There stood the two youngest members of the Quincy family, Jack and Tom, their faces shining with eagerness and their eyes flashing with excitement as they fastened them intently on me.

"Say, Captain, may Tom and I go up on the bridge?" asked Jack.

"Oh! it 's you, is it, boys?" said I, recognizing them at once. "Do you think you little fellows can take care of yourselves alone? It 's pretty rough this morning," I continued, somewhat sternly, and purposely evading their question.

"Oh, yes; I can take care of myself and Tom, too!" replied Jack, as if he had been to sea all his life. "But may we, Captain?" he added, not in the least abashed or disheartened.

"Humph!" I ejaculated; "I don't suppose either of you boys knows how to read! Do you?" looking from one to the other.

"Why, of course, I can read," replied Jack, a little indignantly. "What made you think I could n't?"

"Come with me, and you shall soon find out."

Giving a hand to each boy, I led them to the wheel-house, and pointed out to them the notice posted at the foot of the ladder.

"Now let me hear you read that," said I to Jack, as I lifted him up that he might see more plainly.

Very slowly and carefully he read the following words, "Passengers are not allowed on the bridge."

"Oh!" exclaimed both the little fellows in a tone of great disappointment, as I set Jack again on his feet.

A shadow of deep despair settled upon their round faces, as they saw their happy anticipations rapidly vanishing.

"But we are such *little* passengers!" said Tom, looking wistfully up to me.

How was it possible to resist such an argument as that! I could n't do it. Stooping down and lowering my voice to a confidential tone, I said:

"Now, boys, if I take you on the bridge you must keep it a profound secret; for, if I took up there all the little boys who cross the ocean with me, I should n't have any time to look after my ship, you know."

The clouds disappeared, and the sun shone out even brighter than before, as both promised faithfully that they would not "tell."

"Only papa and mama; we may tell them, Captain?" eagerly exclaimed Tom.

"Oh, yes; never keep anything from your father and mother, if you want to be good boys," I replied.

Bidding them wait for a moment, I went into the chart-room to make a memorandum. I heard their voices under the port, and now and then a suppressed little laugh, as they stood waiting for me. As soon as I had finished my work I went out and met them.

Just opposite the wheel-house door I hesitated a moment. There was quite a sea on, and I feared that it was too much for the little fellows. They were standing very quietly by my side, watching my every movement, and actually trembling with delight. I could not make up my mind to disappoint them a second time, and so decided to gratify them.

Taking Tom in my arms, I carried him half-way up the ladder, and, setting him down, told him to cling to the rail and go ahead. Then I went down for Jack. He did not require any assistance, but ran nimbly up by himself, I following closely behind.

From our post of observation, the great steamer could be seen her entire length from bow to stern. Masts and rigging stood out in bold relief, while the huge smoke-stacks, sending out thick columns of smoke, seemed higher and bigger than ever before.

Not a word escaped the lips of the two boys, as they gazed fore and aft, above and below.

They seemed to be struck dumb by the novelty of the scene.

Turning around, they looked toward the horizon. As far as the eye could reach not a sail was to be seen. Nothing lay before them but the great ocean and our own vessel.

"Hold on tight, or you 'll get something you won't like," cautioned I, as the ship gave a lurch and the boys staggered to one side.

"Oh, it 's nice up here; it's fun!" said Tom at last, catching his breath as he spoke. "I wish I could stay here all day with you, Captain."

"So do I," echoed Jack.

"You would n't, if a big wave should come and wet you all over, and perhaps carry you off," I replied, smiling at their enthusiasm.

Just then a heavy sea broke against the ship, covering her with spray, and giving the two boys a taste of what they might expect if they remained "all day," as Tom said.

Little Tom's face turned white; whether from fright or seasickness I could not quite decide. Taking him again in my arms, I told the boys that we would better go on deck, where it was safer, and bade Jack follow me, which he did, clinging more tightly to the rail than before.

When the boys found themselves safe on their feet, they turned and with shining faces thanked me for taking them on the bridge "where the big passengers could n't go"; and then ran away as fast as their little legs and the motion of the ship would allow, to tell their father and mother, as Tom had before suggested.

A day or two after this little event, I stood near the wheel-house door enjoying a quiet smoke, when I heard a loud clattering of boyish feet along the deck. Looking aft I saw Tom and Jack rushing toward me in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Captain!" shouted both together before they had fairly reached me. "There 's a steamer ahead of us, and we are going by her pretty soon!"

"Is there?" I inquired, taking my pipe from my mouth and putting it away. "We 'll go and have a look at her."

The usual commotion caused by the appearance of a strange vessel on the voyage was already apparent among the passengers on deck,

and the very same old questions were being asked one of another: "What steamer is it?" "Where is she bound?" "What line does she belong to?"

Going into the chart-room, I took my glass from its place, and, followed by the boys, who were close behind, went out and stood under the end of the bridge. Raising the glass to my eyes, I scrutinized her closely, trying to make her out.

"What steamer is it, Captain? Can you see?" asked Jack, standing on the tips of his toes and peering over the rail, while Tom was steadying himself by clinging to my coat.

From the end of the gaff four flags were flying in the wind, and I saw that she wished to communicate with us.

"Let 's go and find out, boys," I replied, putting my glass in my pocket. "She is telling us who she is, and she wants us to do something for her."

"Telling us who she is!" echoed Jack, a slight tone of contempt in his voice. "Ships can't talk, Captain!"

"Can't they?" said I. "Don't be so sure, my boy! Ships can make their wants known as well as you and Tom can. Deaf-and-dumb people don't talk, but for all that they have a language of their own; and so do ships."

"But how do they do it? How is it?" asked Jack eagerly, looking up into my face to see if I was really in earnest.

"We 'll soon know all about it if we go aft, on the whaleback," said I, hurrying along in that direction, the boys jumping and running by my side.

"The whaleback!" exclaimed Jack, opening his bright black eyes at the mention of this hitherto unknown part of the ship. "Why, what 's that, Captain? Where is it?"

"Come along with me, and you 'll see," I answered, smiling at the two eager faces upturned to mine. "I shall make good sailors of you youngsters yet before we get to New York."

The boys laughed, and Jack ran on ahead.

"Look out! Hold fast to the rail and don't fall off!" I called out to the lad, as he stepped on the narrow foot-bridge leading from the saloon-deck to the one beyond.

"I won't fall!" he shouted, allowing his

hand to slide smoothly along the rail as he ran swiftly across.

Little Tom clung to me as I led him safely over. Picking our way carefully among coils of rope and other sailing-gear, we were soon standing on the extreme end of the stern where the officer was signaling.

"Here we are, boys, on the whaleback," said I; "but never mind that now. We must look sharp if we want to find out what the steamer is saying."

We had by this time nearly overtaken the stranger, and could plainly distinguish her signals as they floated from the peak.

"Do you see those four flags flying from the gaff-end?" said I to Jack.

"Yes, sir; I see the flags, but I don't know where the gaff-end is," replied the little fellow, standing on tiptoe to obtain a better view.

"Never mind, if you only see the flags," said I. "That's the principal thing. Now, look closely, and you will see that they are fastened on a rope, one below the other, and that no two are alike. Each one of those flags represents a letter—just the same as when you are reading a book, you know that A is A, and B is B. There are four, and we must read from the top downward. Keep still, Tom. Don't cling to me, for I can't steady my glass if you do."

Tom immediately released his hold, and I turned my attention to the signals.

Looking steadily at the flags, I saw what letters they represented, and read them aloud to the boys.

"They are J, Q, H, V. Now, we must look in the signal-book to find out what steamer has that signal given to her. We cannot stop now, for she is going to say something else to us, and we can find out the name afterward."

"Oh, Captain!" shouted Tom, "there go some flags up on our ship! What are they for?"

"Those are our letters, and will tell her who we are. They are N, V, B, Q," I replied.

"They have drawn down those on the other steamer, and are running up some more," exclaimed Jack, dancing about in great excitement.

"Yes; now they are going to ask us a ques-

tion, and we must look carefully, and not make any blunders," said I, raising my glass to my eyes as I spoke.

"There are only three flags this time, Captain. What does that mean?" asked Jack, turning around and watching me closely.

"In a moment I will tell you," said I, examining the signals carefully. "They are P, D, S. Now, my officer who is signaling will know just what that means. Yes, he has hauled down the ship's letters and run up his reply. That is a long, pointed flag, called a pennant, and means, 'Yes, I will.'"

"There is another flag all by itself, and they are pulling it up and down on the rope. What is that for, Captain?" shouted Tom, still watching the strange steamer.

"That flag is the ensign; and by lowering and raising it they are saying, 'I have no more to ask. Thank you very much. Good-by.'"

"Does it mean all that?" cried Jack, opening wide his large black eyes.

"It means all that," I answered, laughing at the expression of amazement on the boys' faces.

The steamer being now some distance astern, the signals were hauled down and put away.

"Now, boys," said I, "come with me to the chart-room, and I will show you the signal-book. We shall find out there all we want to know."

In the gayest spirits, both boys left me and ran ahead.

As we approached the wheel-house I saw the two elder brothers of Jack and Tom standing near the door, watching the steamer now almost out of sight.

"Oh, Will!" shouted Jack to the elder of the two, a lad of about seventeen, "the Captain is going to show us the signal-book, and tell us all about the signals."

"Is that so?" said Will, turning round and smiling.

Thinking that the subject might be interesting to the larger as well as to the smaller boys, I invited the lads to come in also; which invitation they both accepted with evident pleasure.

Sitting down on a camp-stool, I took out my signal-book and laid it on the desk. Jack stood on one side of me, Tom on the other, both

leaning on their elbows; while the two elder boys sat on the sofa at my left, where they also could easily see.

Opening the book, I turned to the list of registered vessels, comprising nearly seventeen thousand, each having her own allotted signal,

"I suppose, Captain," said Will Quincy, "that the code is similar to those used in cabling; is n't it?"

"Yes, with the exception that the letters used in signaling do not form words, being all consonants. In cabling, certain words are adopted,

each bearing the signification of a long sentence; whereas in signaling the combination is of two, three, and four consonants, making it impossible to spell a word. Why this is so, I cannot tell. You will see, by looking over the signal-book, what a long code has been arranged. Almost any question you'd think of can be asked and answered. We can notify a vessel within signaling distance that we are sinking; or, we can invite the captain to come and take dinner with us; just as we happen to feel."

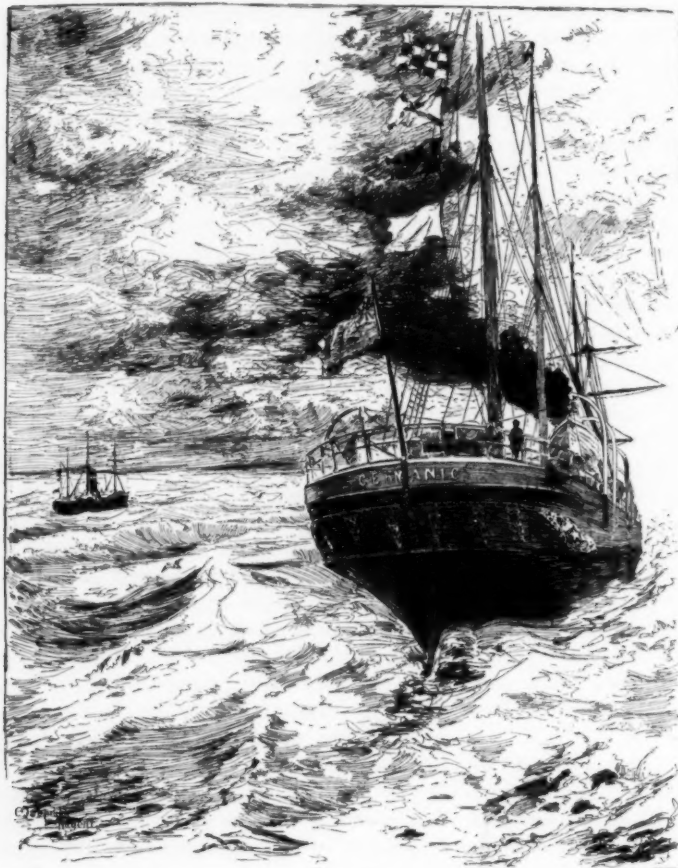
The boys were laughing at this when George interrupted them. "Captain," said he, "how is it done at night? Flags cannot be seen in the dark."

"No; you are right," I replied. "When a ship is in danger, rockets are used at

night, and bonfires also are kindled, so that the attention of a passing vessel is attracted by the light. Then the latter throws up certain rockets which indicate that assistance will be sent as soon as possible."

"When you have once learned the flags, it is n't so very difficult after all; is it, Captain?" said Will, smiling.

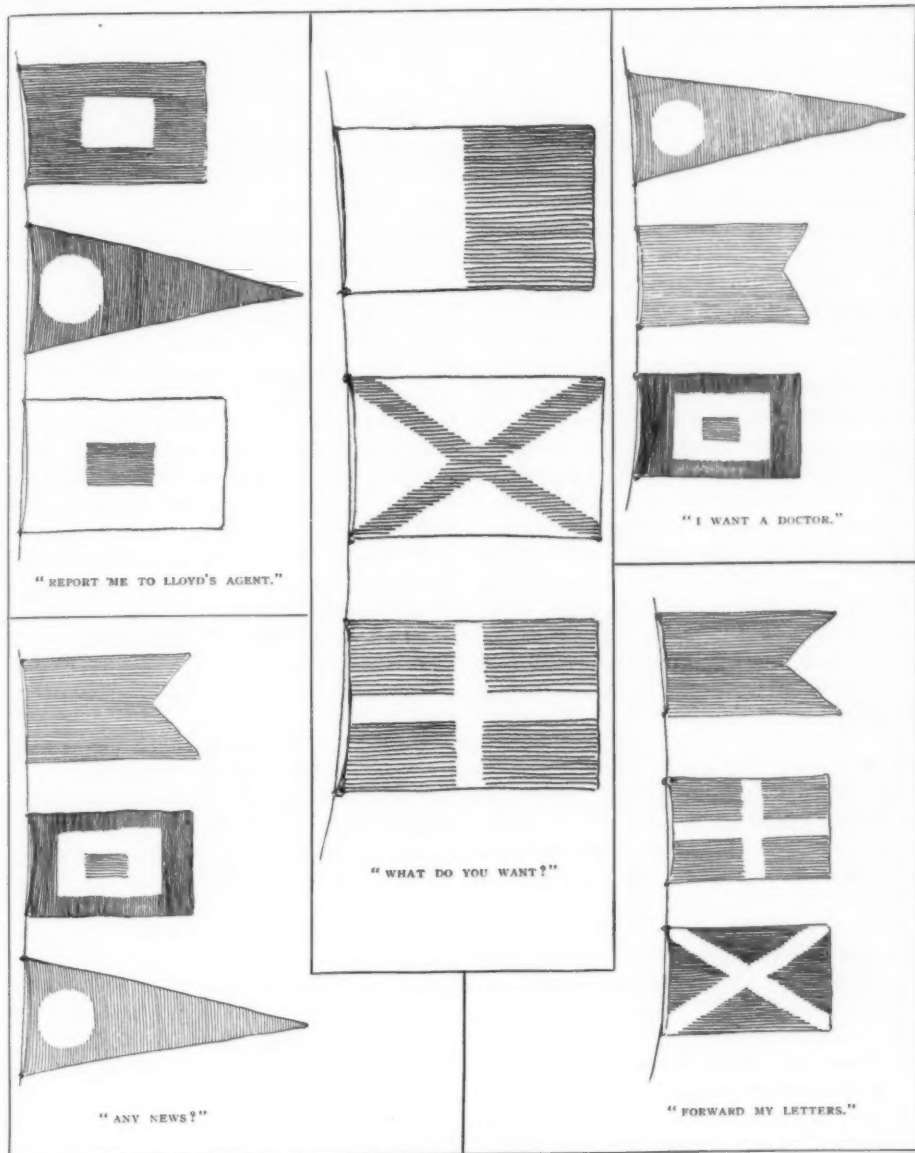
"It is like everything else, my lad," said I,



SIGNALING AT SEA.

and soon ascertained to what ship the letters J, Q, H, V belonged.

"That ship, boys," said I, "is the 'Tyne-mouth Castle,' and she is from North Shields, England." Then, referring to the code, I found that the letters P, D, S signified, "Report me to Lloyd's Agent," and explained that this meant, "Report passing me to the New York agent in charge of such matters."



closing the book of signals and putting it away, "It all seems to be very easy after you once know it."

"Now, Jack," I continued, as the boys rose from their seats, and prepared to leave, "you

won't ever say after this that ships can't talk, will you?"

"No, indeed, Captain," said the little fellow, earnestly. "But I did n't know any better then, you know, and now I do."

"WHAT NEWS?"—IN MID-OCEAN.

By H. D. SMITH.

(Captain U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.)

SIGHTING a vessel at sea is always an event carrying with it a certain amount of interest, curiosity, and excitement, shared alike by the grave officer and the careless boy or apprentice. The little speck silhouetted against the clear-cut horizon, gradually assuming shape and familiar proportions, with an occasional gleam of snow-white canvas glinting in the sun's rays, rivets the attention of all hands, breaks the dull monotony of a long voyage and awakens tender yearnings and longings for news from home.

No incident of the sea voyage is more interesting than that of the meeting of ships and their conversation with signals. No prettier marine picture may be found than two vessels covered with spotless canvas towering aloft, swelling majestically to the favoring gale, passing each other on opposite tacks, with numerous gaily colored and oddly shaped flags fluttering from the masthead.

An exciting incident of signaling at sea was experienced by the writer when making a homeward-bound voyage on one of the far-famed "tea-clippers."

The ship had touched at Anjer Point for the purpose of replenishing the stock of fresh provisions; and the news received at that trading-place was startling, to say the least, and evidently had considerable effect upon the "old man," who thoughtfully paced the deck. The captain of a merchant vessel is always called the "old man," though he may be the youngest man on board.

Our commander had good reason for reflection over the news he had received. He was in command of one of the finest vessels afloat, a craft of over 2000 tons burden, and with a cargo of tea and silk under her hatches valued at more than \$250,000; the clipper herself must have been worth a small fortune.

On shore, beneath the wide-spreading branches of the celebrated banyan tree, where Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Hin-

doos, Persians, Tatars, Bornese, Sumatrans, Javanese, and Europeans jostled one another, our captain had learned that the dreaded "Alabama" was already in the China Sea, and had left her mark as she swept onward in quest of peaceful and defenseless merchant vessels. The fine ships "Amanda," "Contest," and "Winged Racer" had fallen victims to Semmes and his crew. There was no telling where the slippery cruiser might turn up next.

"Give me a cracking breeze," remarked the captain to his chief mate, as he glanced proudly at the lofty and tapering spars of his gallant craft, "and I'll bid defiance to all the Confederate crafts afloat! I can't remain here. Every day lost is so many dollars out of the owner's pockets. Hit or miss, I shall make a break for the Cape, and I have faith enough in the clipper to believe her good luck will stand by her."

The captain's will was law, and half an hour afterward the ship, under a cloud of canvas, was skimming over the surface of the water, with the highlands of Sumatra rapidly blending into the roseate hues of a gorgeous sunset.

The run to the Cape, the haunt of the "Flying Dutchman," was quickly made, and there was little rest for officers or crew. A vigilant lookout was constantly maintained from aloft. Braces and bowlines, tacks and sheets, were constantly under the surveillance of the officer of the watch, while the "old man" might be seen pacing the deck at all hours, night and day.

Early one morning the mate was startled by the cry from aloft, "Black smoke ahead, sir! A big steamer standing to the southward."

The captain was called, and in a trice bounced on deck, where, applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had pushed so suddenly out of the early mist hanging low upon the horizon.

Whatever her character, we had but little

chance of escape, if she had rifled guns. Many a glance of apprehension was directed toward the somber hull and pair of sloping smoke-stacks with the twisting smoke trending far astern.

"Show him our colors, sir! Bend on the ensign; we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If that fellow is a rebel, the sooner we know it the better!" exclaimed the captain somewhat excitedly to the mate.

It was close upon six bells (seven o'clock) when the steamer revealed her nationality.

We fairly yelled as the blood-red cross of St. George danced up aloft from the steamer's signal-halyards. She was evidently a troop-ship bound for the Cape, a trifle out of her course, but we did not stop to consider that.

She was too far distant to speak, but in obedience to a gesture from the captain, the mate emptied a bag of gaily colored signals on deck; and the boys were called aft to man the halyards and lend a hand to bend on the magic flags. Upward fluttered the party-colored bits of bunting, glasses were leveled, and breathless expectancy marked the sunburnt features of the clipper's crew; for the inquiry flying from our mizenroyalmast was, "What news of the American War?"

The flash of foam cast up by the huge propeller greeted our straining vision, the great steamer glided onward, but no responsive signals gladdened the anxious hearts of those yearning to hear news from home.

With a passionate exclamation of disappointment the captain closed the joints of his long glass with a savage snap, saying, as he turned away, "He has n't our code. It's no use."

"Look at that!" suddenly exclaimed the mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?"

"He is coming about," shouted the captain, his bronzed features fairly paling. "Can it be possible he has played us a trick, and is the Alabama? Stand by, all hands, for —"

A deep blast of the steam-whistle rumbled over the flashing waters, followed by a number of quick toots as the steamer ranged to leeward; then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side.

Glasses were directed upon that bright patch amidships, upon which dark lines could be discerned with the naked eye. The glass showed these were letters.

"I have it!" shouted the captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging. "Spread the news fore and aft! It says, 'The American conflict is over! Davis a fugitive'—and what's that? Heavens, no—yes—'*Lincoln is killed!*'"

"Strike the colors half-mast, sir," continued the captain to the mate, in a subdued tone. Then he added, "Hoist the signal, 'Thank you,' to the steamer."

At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the well-known strains of "Hail Columbia" were faintly heard. The steamer slowly fell off, and resumed her course, while, as if actuated by one impulse, officers and men sprang into the weather-rigging, giving three times three and waving their hats in return for the kindness of the courteous Englishman. The Stars and Stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, the "Meteor flag" slowly and majestically returned the salute, and the greeting in mid-ocean was over.

"The commander of that craft is a gentleman—every inch of him!" was the admiring remark of the mate as he glanced astern at the fast-fading troop-ship.

"We are brothers after all," answered the captain, "and have the same customs and speak the same language. It strengthens one's faith in human nature, an act like that. But the President—can it be?" and shaking his head mournfully, he turned and went below.

There was deep mourning throughout the ship, for our delight in victory and peace was at first overcome by the sorrowful tidings of the death of the beloved President. There was no other news until we hove to for a pilot off Barnegat, and he brought a file of papers which gave us full news of the surrender at Appomattox, and told how the great Lincoln had been assassinated.



A FISHING TRIP TO BARNEGAT.

BY JOHN WHITEHEAD.



TWO brothers, one twelve and the other fourteen years old, sat one afternoon in their room in a house in New York city. The younger was reading, the elder was disentangling some snarled fishing-lines. No statesman unraveling some knotty problem of statecraft could have frowned more fiercely, or have busied himself more devotedly.

When he had cleared the tangle he looked up at his younger brother, and, after a sigh of relief, said:

"I say, Jack, let's go fishing!"

"A first-rate idea! But where shall we go?"

"Well, I've thought of asking mother to let us go with Uncle John on one of his trips to Barnegat Bay. He's down-stairs now. It can't do any harm to try it. Let's go and settle it right away."

Down they ran, like the mouse when the clock struck one.

They found their uncle John talking with their mother in the sitting-room. The mother's cheerful and pleasant expression seemed habitual, and proved that she was happy in her home and proud of her boys. Her face brightened as they came in.

Jack spoke at once:

"Oh, Uncle John, we're so glad you are

here! We've been talking of a splendid plan, but we need your help. Will you promise to give it?"

"Not quite so fast, youngster," replied their uncle. He had a rather stern expression, was black-browed, and wore a full beard. But forbidding as he might seem to strangers, it was evident, as he glanced at the bright faces of his nephews, that it would require little coaxing to enlist his sympathy and aid in any reasonable plan they might propose.

"Come, Jack," said he, "I see that Will also has something to say. As he is the elder, let him tell me the plan to which I am at once to say yes."

"Well, Uncle," said Will, "you have often told us of your fishing-excursions in Barnegat Bay, and this morning we were talking them over, and Jack said now that school was ended, and we had both done well,—you said so yourself,—you might be willing to take us with you to your famous fishing-grounds."

Both boys looked at their mother, evidently fearing that she might oppose the plan. She seemed to avoid their questioning eyes, and, repressing a smile, waited for their uncle's reply.

He pretended to be very stern.

"You imagine, then, because it is your vaca-

tion, that I have nothing to do? Do you know what your 'few days' means? Do you think I can abandon my business, engage old Captain John, and ruin myself in buying fishing-tackle and provisions for two hungry boys with appetites sharpened by the salt air? You must think that money grows on trees!"

Uncle John, with a smile to their mother, continued: "Well, what do you say to this absurd idea? Do you think I should be burdened with them during my holiday? and would you be willing to intrust two such madcaps to me for a few days?"

Now it so happened that she and Uncle John had been discussing the very plan that was now independently proposed by the boys.

"Indeed," said she, seriously, "the boys have fairly earned a good vacation by their last term's work. Perhaps during the hot summer days a trip on the salt water, with the excitement of fishing and your good care, would bring them back better able to stand the depressing heat of the summer."

"Suppose they fall overboard, run fish-hooks through their fingers, or otherwise disport themselves so that I can return to you only two dilapidated remnants of the boys I took away, will you agree to forgive me?"

Jack saw signs of success in this last speech, and burst in:

"Oh! take us this once, Uncle John; we won't give you any trouble; we'll be as good as kittens. We always keep our promises; mother will tell you so!"

"'Always' is a long word, my dear," said their mother, playfully.

"Now, Mother," said Will, jumping up, "let bygones be bygones. If you only say so, I'm sure Uncle John will take us!" and he went and stood by her side. She put her arm around him, saying:

"Well, John, what do you say?"

"I suppose I must. It will be a great trial to my nerves" (the boys laughed at the idea of Uncle John having any nerves), "but it is good discipline." Then, after an exaggerated sigh, he said:

"When shall we go, boys?"

"To-morrow, of course!" said Jack, excitedly.

"To-morrow, you young rascal!—why, I

have got to see Captain John Anderson and secure him and his boat."

"Write out a telegram and I'll go down to the office and send it," said the younger boy.

"That 's business," said Uncle John; "and as I suppose I am in for it, I may as well begin at once; so here goes!"

Sitting down, he wrote the telegram, which the boys eagerly seized and they were starting off with it when their uncle called out:

"Hold on! One of you go, the other must stay behind; we've something else to do besides sending telegrams."

So off started Jack with the precious paper, and Uncle John turned to Will.

"What lines and hooks have you?"

"Why, you told us that Captain John provided all the tackle."

"You're right, boy, so he does, so he does. But then, where are the provisions?" said their uncle, with pretended anxiety.

"But," said Will, "I have you there again, Uncle; you said Captain John provided all the eatables, cooked the meals himself, and that he gave you 'pretty good fare, considering everything.'"

"So he does," said the uncle, again convicted out of his own mouth.

So it was settled, and the boys anxiously awaited the reply from Point Pleasant, where Captain John lived.

In the afternoon it came, and, to the delight of the boys, the captain answered that he would be ready at any time. Neither Will nor Jack knew what was in the message sent by their uncle, but the truth is that he and Captain John had already had some correspondence and fully understood each other. The uncle announced by his telegram simply that he and his nephews would be on hand the next morning by the earliest train.

Bright and early the boys were ready; and when Uncle John put in his appearance two more joyous youths could not be found in the great city of New York. Uncle John was an especial favorite of theirs; they had tried him many times, and he had never been found wanting.

It was a bright and beautiful day in June. They made their way down the city, reached

the slip, and were soon on board the good steamer, "Jesse Hoyt." It is quite uncertain which was the happier of the group of three, the uncle or the two boys. Jack was the noisiest, for Will expressed his pleasure only by his sparkling eyes and heightened color, and an occasional burst of enthusiasm; the uncle had little to say. He was proud of his nephews and did not hesitate to show his pride; his eyes rested on them lovingly and admiringly.

The time was so pleasantly occupied by their uncle's cheerful, interesting conversation, that they were quite astonished when they approached Sandy Hook, and were told that here they were to land and to proceed by rail for the rest of their trip until they met Captain John.

They had never been on this route and everything was new to them. At Sandy Hook they took the cars which were there ready to receive passengers. As they sped along their eyes opened wider and wider at the new scenes: the ocean spreading out before them, the houses upon the beach with their surroundings of fresh green grass, shrubs, trees, and flowers springing apparently from the dry sand; Shrewsbury River, upon which floated pleasure-boats with their white sails and gay-parties; and Seabright, with its group of quaint fishermen's huts, clustered together, apparently without order.

As they approached Long Branch their admiration gave place to wonder. But little time was given them to view these various objects, as they passed so rapidly. When they reached Elberon their uncle pointed out to them the house occupied by President Garfield during his last illness. Indeed, he did not fail to direct their attention to every object of interest.

Bayhead was gained at last, and as they neared the platform Uncle John looked for the captain. When the train stopped, the trio sprang to the ground; and there stood a tall, gaunt, rough-bearded man, seamed and grizzled by the hardships of many years' exposure on the salt water. But in his face there lingered the kindest expression, and out of his deep-sunk eyes there beamed the good nature of the warmest of hearts. Uncle John at once extended his hand and said:

"Well, Captain, here we are; here are these

boys of mine. Do you think we can give them a ducking before we get through with them?"

The captain was a man of few words, but those who knew him would have known from his glance at them that he had taken the youngsters under his particular care.

"Well," he said, "your telegram gave me short notice; yet I think I have made all the necessary arrangements. Come along; let's see."

So they gathered up their baggage and left the platform, the rough captain leading the way. He and Uncle John walked demurely on, chatting about old times, but the boys were too full of life to repress themselves. They looked around, however, to take their bearings, as the captain would have said, and saw upon the east side of the railroad track a collection of houses, modern and tasteful in their architecture. The boys wished to know who lived in these pleasant dwellings, and were told that Bayhead was a resort for literary people, and that several professors of Princeton College lived there during the summer.

As the party passed toward the boat which was to take them out to the "Kate," the boys noticed that Bayhead was situated at the head of a narrow, irregular strip of sand stretching southward as far as the eye could reach between the bay and the ocean. The bay began at that point, and extended to the south toward Cape May. Indeed the captain said that at one time he himself had sailed, in a little catboat which he owned, almost to Cape May; the bay was an open sheet of water as far as the Great Inlet; below it was much broken up with comparatively large islands, but even then it could be navigated by small vessels.

"Captain, is the water salt?" Will asked.

"Why, of course."

"Well, how does the salt water get there?"

"From the Atlantic through Barnegat Inlet."

While the captain had been talking with the boys, the whole party had stopped; but now they began to walk toward the water. A small boat lay rocking by the edge of the bank, and the captain rowed them out to the Kate, which was anchored a little distance from the shore. The boys quickly sprang on board, and soon began a thorough examination of what was to be their home for several days. They

found it to be a schooner of recent make, comfortable in all its appointments, and fitted up so that it could pleasantly accommodate eight to ten passengers. What pleased the boys more than anything else about it was the tiny kitchen, wherein was a stove in full blast, with pots and pans and all the implements necessary for cooking a dinner. But the boys were impatient to be off; the sight of the rods and tackle which lay on the deck increased their impatience to be on the fishing-ground.

guided by that. But I have no great necessity to notice landmarks, for I have traveled over this bay so often that I know all the ins and outs of the course, crooked as it is."

Just at this moment a lad suddenly emerged from the cabin, the captain went below, and the small boy took the captain's place. Soon an appetizing odor made its way from the cabin; and then the kindly face of the captain showed itself and he announced in the briefest manner possible: "Dinner!"



EMBARKING FOR THE "KATE."

The captain weighed anchor, set his sails, and the vessel was soon gliding down the bay. So much attention had been paid in the building of the Kate to the comfort of the passengers that her speed was not great; but the boys were delighted with the gentle motion.

"How do you tell where the channel runs, captain?"

"Well, I tell that in different ways; sometimes I take an object which I know to be in a certain position with reference to the channel, and I am

The boys' appetites had been increased by the salt-water breezes, so they joyfully heard this pithy speech of the captain. Jack called out to his uncle, who was in the bow of the boat:

"Uncle John, dinner is ready and we're hungry!"

The uncle had been standing for a long time motionless, with his arms folded, looking into the water and watching the gliding of the Kate. He started at the sound of the boy's

voice, rejoined his nephews, and together they passed down into the cabin. Uncle John was obliged to bend his head, but the boys got in without any difficulty. They had wondered where the table was to come from, and where it was to be set. They found a perfect dinner-table extended from the center of the cabin, formed by the raising of two swinging leaves, which had before rested quietly against a small partition which divided the cabin, but was only two or three feet high from the floor. On this table was spread the dinner. It was well served and well cooked, and the boys found it excellent. It was mostly sea-food; fish, oysters, and clams being the principal dishes. At one end of the table was a large piece of corned beef. The boys instantly determined that they would have none of that.

They knew that the fish and shell-fish must be fresh from the water, and that they must be good; and they were good. Such fish, such oysters, such clams, they had never tasted before. The captain had stood high in their estimation, but now he was raised a point higher, and they regarded him as the very paragon of skippers.

To their complete astonishment, after the substantial were disposed of, the captain brought on pudding and pie; and, to cap the climax, gave them some good coffee. They thought that if they were to be treated in this manner every day, their cup of happiness would be brimming over. It was almost too much for Jack. Several times he was half inclined to rush out on deck to give three cheers for Captain John.

After the dinner was over, the captain resumed his place at the tiller, and the small boy took his place in the cabin, to eat his dinner and afterward to clear away the dishes. If the supply of eatables had not been bountiful and the boys merciful, it is somewhat doubtful whether the cabin-boy might not have gone hungry. Then the captain took his pipe and began to smoke, and the boys seated themselves, one on each side of him, and begged hard for some story of his experience. The captain was not much of a hand at story-telling; still, he managed to thrill their young hearts with one story in particular of how he had been shipwrecked, and cast on a barren island with

three others. They were forced to sustain themselves upon such raw shell-fish as were thrown upon the shore by the waves. The boys noticed, however, that the captain did not seem to have his mind much set on the story-telling, but every now and then kept peering around him on both sides of his boat. All at once he brought the Kate round with a sharp turn, picked up the anchor, and threw it overboard. The boys opened wide their eyes, and wondered what was coming next. The captain lowered the sails half-way down the mast, stepped quietly up on the deck, selected some rods, then returned, and opened what seemed to be a trap-door right under where his feet came when he sat at the tiller, and took out some crabs. Jack, as usual, was in search of information. He had never seen such crabs before, and so he began to ply the captain with questions. He wanted to know what kind of crabs those were.

"These are what we call 'shedders,'" said the captain, "and they are used for bait. You will see presently how we use them."

"Now, my boy," said the captain, addressing Jack, "you seem to be the one in this party most anxious to do some fishing. You take that rod and throw the hook over on this side of the boat. Be careful to keep your hook a few inches from the bottom, and see what will come."

Jack was only too ready, and over went his line in short order into the water. It was not long before he had a bite, and with a great deal more force than was necessary he threw his hook, line, and fish up in the air. There, over the sail, hung dangling the oddest fish that Jack had ever seen. What it was he did not know; it was of a dirty yellow color, with a head and mouth a great deal larger than the rest of his body, which was slimy and disgusting, and tapered rapidly to the tail. Jack stood with mouth and eyes wide open, looking at his prize, and thinking that if this was the kind of fish Uncle John caught in Barnegat Bay,—the kind over which he had so often gone into ecstasies of delight,—he did not care for any more of them. Uncle John, seeing Jack's disgust, could not help a burst of laughter.

"Well, Jack," said he, "you've got him now!" Will, who was as much disgusted as his brother, stood staring at the unlucky fish

until roused from his amazement by the hearty laugh of Uncle John.

"Captain John," said Jack, "will you please tell me what that is?"

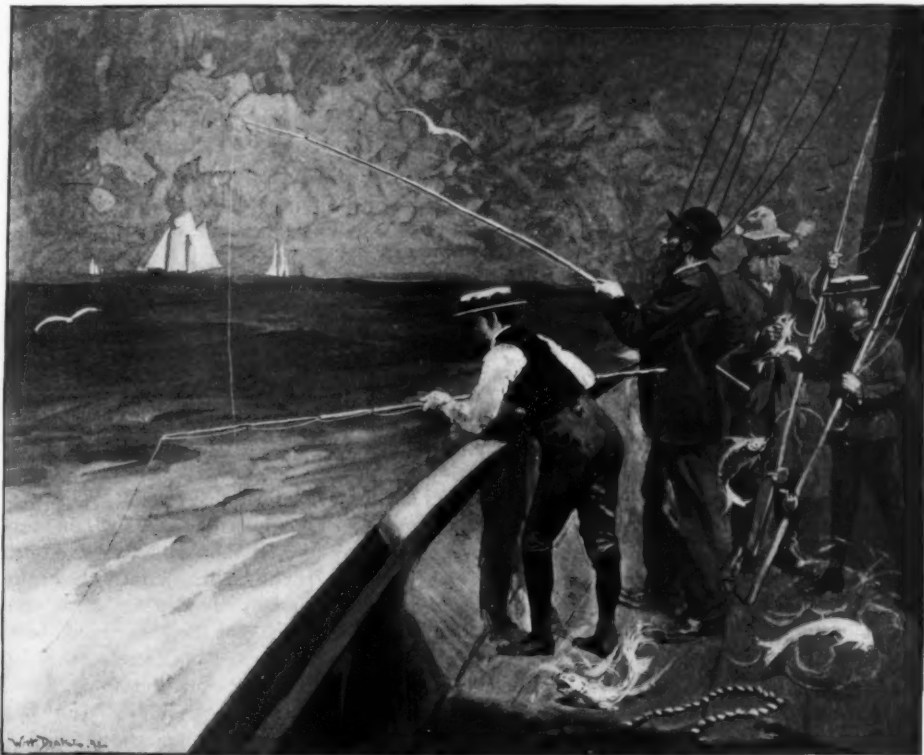
"Why, that 's a toad-fish; or oyster-fish, some people call it."

"Is this the sort of fish you catch in Barnegat Bay?"

"Oh, yes!" said Captain John; "lots of 'em."

"Come," said Uncle John, "and look at my fish; and, Captain, you take Jack's fish off his hook and bring it here, and we'll examine the two side by side."

Detaching his fish from the hook, Uncle John laid it upon the deck. The captain brought Jack's line down from the sail, took the fish from the hook, and laid it beside the beautiful one that Uncle John had just caught.



ON THE FISHING-GROUNDS.

Jack turned to his uncle with an inquiry on his open lips; but just then his uncle felt a tug at his line, and up he pulled, deftly and quickly, a beautiful shining fish radiant with almost all the colors of the rainbow. "What a monster!" thought Jack; and, forgetting his toad-fish, he rushed forward to his uncle to examine this beautiful prize. There it lay, beating the hard board with head and tail, gasping for air, its life fast ebbing away.

"Now, this fish of yours, Jack," said the uncle, "is not only called the toad-fish and the oyster-fish, but, sometimes, the grunting toad-fish. There are species of it found all over the world, but this is the regular American toad-fish.

"This fish of mine is called the weakfish. Notice its beautiful colors, brownish blue on its back, with irregular brown spots, the sides silvery, and the belly white. It grows from one to three feet long, and is a very sharp biter.

When one takes the hook, there is no difficulty in knowing when to pull in. Why it is called the weakfish I do not know, unless because when it has been out of the water its flesh softens and soon becomes unfit for food. When eaten soon after it is caught, it is very good."

Just as Uncle John finished his little lecture, an exclamation from Will, who had baited with a piece of the crab, and dropped his line into the water, attracted their attention. Not quite so impetuous as Jack, he landed his prize more carefully, and stood looking at it with wonder, hardly knowing what to say. At last he called out:

"Well, what have I caught?"

It was a beautiful fish, though entirely different from Uncle John's. It had a small head and the funniest little tail that ever was seen. Its back was of a bright brown color, but its belly was almost pure white; it was quite round and flat, with a rough skin.

"Turn him over on his back, and rub him gently," said the captain. "Do it softly, and watch him."

Will complied, and gently rubbed him. Immediately the fish began swelling, and as Will continued the rubbing it grew larger and larger until Will feared that the fish would burst its little body.

"Well," he said, "I never saw anything like that, Captain! Do tell me what this is."

"This we call, here in Barnegat, the balloon-fish. It is elsewhere called the puffer, swell-fish and globe-fish. One kind is called the sea-porcupine, because of its being covered with short, sharp spines. It is of no value for food."

Jack thought his time had come to catch another prodigy; and when his hook had been rebaited by the skipper, he dropped his line into the water, and was soon rewarded by another bite. Using more caution this time, he landed his fish securely on deck instead of over the sail, and exclaimed:

"Wonders will never cease! I don't know what I've got now, but I suppose that Captain John can tell."

While he was saying this the fish began to utter some sounds that, by a stretch of the imagination, might be called musical. They were about as harmonious as the croak of a frog.

It was of a dark-brown color, with a head larger than the rest of its body, but not disproportioned. Like the toad-fish, its body tapered toward the tail, but not so sharply; its head was shovel-shaped, and just below its gills there were two large projecting fins and some feelers.

"Give him a pinch just below the gills, and see what he will do," said the captain.

Will was rather afraid to risk the experiment, but being assured that there was no danger, he at once grasped the fish with thumb and finger, and was rewarded by a repetition of the musical sounds.

"That is what we call a sea-robin. Perhaps your uncle can tell you something about it," said the captain. So they carried the musical fish to Uncle John, who was at the bow.

"That is sometimes called a gurnard," said he; "and there are several species of it. Its flesh is white and, when properly cooked, it is said to be very good."

"There is a gentleman at Perth Amboy who always buys all the sea-robins the fishermen bring him; he thinks they are the best kind of fish," said the captain.

In the mean time Uncle John had been quietly landing upon the deck several beauties like the one he had first caught. This was too much for the boys; they watched him very closely to see how he handled his rod and line. They noticed that as he dropped his hook into the water, he carefully sounded the depth and so arranged his line that the hook should be a short distance above the bottom, and that he kept it in very gentle motion, making, however, no sudden movements with it. The boys were very intent upon learning how to fish, and knowing that their uncle was an old hand, they hoped to become expert fishermen by imitating him. So, after watching a few moments, they took their own rods in hand and were soon rewarded by the capture of several fine fish. The captain had also taken a rod, and was trying to see what he could do.

The boys were too busy in attending to their own rods to look after the captain, or even after their uncle. There was a cessation in the biting of the fish; both, however, in hopes of success, never relaxed their efforts. All at

once an exclamation from the captain—in itself a most unusual occurrence—caused them to look toward him. They saw him leaning over the side of the boat, line in hand, intently engaged in trying to draw something from the water. What it was neither he nor they could tell.

"The landing-net!" cried the captain; "quick!"

The boys had seen on deck a net gathered round a circular iron rod attached to a long pole, and Will at once supposed it was the landing-net. He instantly sprang for it and made his way to the captain.

"I'm afraid I'll break my line," declared the captain. "There is something at the other end of it; what it is I can't imagine. It is mighty heavy; it is not a fish, or I should know it by the motion; it is something that is giving a dead, heavy pull. It does not seem to resist being drawn to the surface, except by its own weight. Master Will, follow my line and put the landing-net under whatever it may be, and see if we cannot land it in that way."

Will shoved the net down into the water, placing it deep enough to get under whatever was so taxing the patience of the captain. He found that it took all his strength to raise the net. By the joint efforts of the captain and Will, the prize was brought to view, and to their astonishment they found they had caught a huge turtle of the hawk-bill species.

"Green-turtle soup!" said Jack.

"Oh, no!" said the captain; "this is a turtle, but not that kind. We seldom catch that kind with a hook. In fact, I don't remember that it has ever been done; but this fellow is fairly hooked. Now, Master Will, lay him over on his back, and we'll see what he is like."

Will, who was scientifically inclined, examined the turtle quite critically, and was astonished to discover that in many respects it very much resembled an ordinary duck in its appearance. Its fore legs were like the wings; its body was round and quite like that of a duck; its hind legs resembled those of the same bird; and Will began to think of what he had read in Miss N. B. Buckley's interesting book, "Life and her Children," about the relations between the different orders of the animal creation. He

was interested by the appearance of its head and neck. The upper jaw closed over the lower, being like the bill of a hawk. This explained its name.

What to do with the animal was the question. The captain was a practical man, and he soon decided. It was to be taken to the hotel, and the next day made into soup, which, while it might not be equal to green-turtle soup, would supply the needs of a party of hungry fishermen.

The boys noticed that even while they were so intently engaged in taking care of the turtle, the captain had been looking out, apparently scanning the surface of the water, and then looking aloft. By this time the boys had learned that when the captain did that he had some particular reason for it. So they patiently watched and waited, and at last the captain said:

"Boys, look out ahead and notice whether you see anything peculiar upon the surface of the water."

At first they could see nothing, but afterward, almost as far off as the eye could see, they thought they saw a peculiar quiver or motion just upon the surface, and so told the captain.

"Now," he went on, "look up in the sky, and tell me if you see anything unusual there."

"No," said Jack; "nothing but gulls sailing about. Once in a while one drops to the water. I can see that in New York Bay, any day."

"Ah!" said the captain, "I'll show you some sport, now, such as you never saw before. Do you know what all that means?"

"No!" said both the boys.

"Well, that means bluefish. Did you ever catch bluefish, boys?"

"No."

"Well, you'll catch some now."

The captain weighed anchor, raised the sails and trimmed ship, so as to catch the wind. When this was done the boat passed rapidly down the bay. The captain now opened a little compartment under the seat, where he still sat as he guided the ship by the rudder. He took out three long, strong lines, nearly a hundred feet in length. At the end of each line was a piece of lead, two or three inches long, into one end of which was soldered a large fish-hook.

"What do you bait with, Captain?" said Will.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Do you catch fish with that?"

"Yes. You'll see."

The uncle knew what was coming, and very quietly took one of the lines, threw out the end upon which was the lead and hook, fastened the other end securely to the boat, and allowed the line to float until there were at least fifty feet extended. He then grasped the line, first guarding his hands with a pair of stout cotton gloves, and stood ready. He had not been long in this posture when he began to draw in his line hand over hand, quickly and at the same time with a regular, steady motion.

The boys could not understand how any fish could be fool enough to bite at a piece of lead. But they soon discovered that there certainly was a fish at the end of the line. It threw itself out of the water and turned and twisted, evidently desirous of escaping from the force which was dragging it from its native element. Uncle John very quietly continued his exertions until his fish was within a few feet, when he lifted it from the water and threw it over into the boat.

"What do you think of that, boys?" asked the captain.

"Think of that! Why, what a fool that fish is! What is it?"

"That's a bluefish, and a splendid fellow; it must weigh at least four or five pounds."

The boys examined the fish and found that it was rightly named. It was blue upon its back, with a rounded head and full body. It had quite sharp teeth in each jaw; in fact, the captain warned them not to let their fingers come too near his jaws. The boys now longed to catch one themselves; so each armed himself with a line and was soon rewarded. Will had closely watched his uncle's maneuvers, and imitated them to the best of his ability. He soon landed a mate to the one his uncle had caught. Jack was too impulsive. He succeeded in bringing his fish to the side of the boat; but just at the critical moment he lost his hold on the line, it slipped from his hands, and away went Mr. Bluefish!

"Never mind, Master Jack," said the captain; "better luck next time! You must be careful never to lose hold of the line. One hand

at least must grasp it, and the other must be sure of its hold before you let go with the first."

Jack did not mourn long over his loss, but, quickly throwing his line, soon hooked another, and this time brought his fish in safely.

"Now," said his uncle, "we have each of us caught a bluefish, we have a number of weakfish, and it is hardly worth while for us to continue the sport longer. I've little doubt you youngsters are sufficiently tired to make preparations for bed."

The excitement of the sport had in a measure subsided, and the boys readily admitted that they were tired. So the Kate was rounded to, the anchor was slipped, the sails lowered and securely fastened, and the boys and their uncle seated themselves and began to examine their catch. The toad-fish had been preserved at Jack's earnest request.

The captain began making preparations for supper, and selected some of the bluefish and some of the weakfish. Jack spoke up and said:

"Captain, I thought after I had finished my dinner that I should never want to eat any more, but I am about as hungry as ever I was in my life."

"You will have enough," said the captain, "and there will be some to spare."

The captain soon had supper ready for them, and there was enough on the table to satisfy even Jack's hunger. Then the boys began to wonder where they were to sleep. But the captain soon solved that problem, as he had solved so many others which had puzzled his young passengers.

They sat for an hour or two talking quietly with their uncle, until they began to nod. Then Uncle John called out:

"Captain, are the bunks ready?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain; "they have been ready for some time."

"Well, boys," said their uncle, "let's go to bed."

He led the way, and they found three comfortable beds arranged on the sides of the cabin, with pillows and sheets and blankets, one for each. Oh, how they slept!—with the ripple of the waves against the sides of the boat for their lullaby! Thus ended the first day of the excursion into Barnegat Bay.

The rest of their stay was equally delightful, that their vacation had been in every way a most profitable one. As for Uncle John, he invited the boys to receive them back safe and sound, she felt go again whenever they could.

OVERSHADOWED.

By D. L.



My tiny daughter Dolly
Comes frowning from her walk.
"My hat 's so drestle big," she says,
"That I tan't see to talk!"

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Began in the January number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

OUR FRIENDS.

WE had so many friends that I hardly know where to begin. First of all, perhaps, I should put the dear old Scotch lady whom we called "D. D." She had another name, but that is nobody's business but her own. D. D. was a thousand years old. She always said so when we asked her age, and she certainly ought to have known. No one would have thought it, to look at her, for she had not a single gray hair, and her eyes were as bright and black as a young girl's. One of the pleasantest things about her was the way she dressed, in summer particularly. She wore a gown of white dimity, always spotlessly clean, made with a single plain skirt, and a jacket. The jacket was a little open in front, showing a handkerchief of white net fastened with a brooch of hair in the shape of a harp. Fashions made no difference to D. D. People might wear green or yellow or purple, as they pleased; she wore her white dimity, and we children knew instinctively that it was the prettiest and most becoming dress that she could have chosen.

Another wonderful thing about D. D. was her store-closet. There never was such a closet as that! It was all full of glass jars, and the jars were full of cinnamon, and nutmeg, and cloves, and raisins, and all manner of good things. Yes, and they were not screwed down tight, as jars are likely to be nowadays; but one could take off the top, and see what was inside; and if it was cinnamon, one might take even a whole stick, and D. D. would not mind. Sometimes a friend of hers who lived at the South would send her a barrel of oranges (she called it a "bar'l of awnges," because she was Scotch, and we thought it sounded a great deal prettier than the common

way), and then we had glorious times; for D. D. thought oranges were very good for us, and we thought so too.

Then, she had some very delightful and interesting drawers, full of old daguerreotypes, and pieces of coral, and all kinds of alicumtweezles. Have I explained before that "alicumtweezles" are nearly the same as picknickles and bucknickles?

D. D.'s son was a gallant young soldier, and it was his hair that she wore in the harp-shaped brooch. Many of the daguerreotypes were of him, and he certainly was as handsome a fellow as any mother could wish a son to be. When we went to take tea with D. D., which was quite often, we always looked over her treasures, and asked the same questions over and over, the dear old lady never losing patience with us. And such jam as we had for tea! D. D.'s jams and jellies were famous, and she often made our whole provision of sweet things for the winter. Then we were sure of having the best quince marmalade, and the clearest jelly; while as for the peach marmalade—no words can describe it!

D. D. was a wonderful nurse; and when we were ill, she often came and helped our mother in taking care of us. Then she would sing us her song—a song that no one but D. D. and the fortunate children who had her for a friend ever heard. It is such a good song that I must write it down, being very sure that D. D. would not care.

There was an old man, and he was mad,
And he ran up the steeple;
He took off his great big hat,
And waved it over the people.

To D. D. we owe the preservation of one of Laura's first compositions, written when she was ten years old. She gave it to the good lady, who kept it for many years in her treasure-

drawer, till Laura's own children were old enough to read it. It is a story, and is called:

LOST AND FOUND.

Marion Gray, a lovely girl of thirteen, one day tied on her gipsy hat and, singing a merry song, bade good-by to her mother, and ran quickly towards the forest. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Gray, a celebrated nobleman in great favor with the king, and consequently Marion had everything she wished for. When she reached the wood she set her basket down under a chestnut-tree, and climbing up into the branches, she shook them till the ripe fruit came tumbling down. She then jumped down, and having filled her basket was proceeding to another tree, when all of a sudden a dark-looking man stepped out, who, when she attempted to fly, struck her severely with a stick, and she fell senseless to the ground.

Meanwhile all was in confusion at the manor-house. Marion's faithful dog, Carlo, had seen the man lurking in the thicket, and had tried to warn his mistress of the danger. But seeing she did not mind, the minute he saw the man prepare to spring out he had run to the house. He made them understand that some one had stolen Marion. "Who, Carlo, who?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Carlo instantly picked up some A-B-C blocks which lay on the floor, and putting together the letters that form the word Gipsies, looked up at his master and wagged his tail. "The gipsies!" exclaimed Sir Edward; "alas! if the gipsies have stolen our child, we shall never see her again." Nevertheless, they searched and searched the wood, but no trace of her was to be found.

"Hush! here she is! Is n't she a beauty?"

"Yes! but what is her name?"

"Marion Gray. I picked her up in the wood. A splendid addition to our train, for she can beg charity, and a night's lodging, and then the easiest thing in the world is just to find out where they keep the key, and let us in. Hush! hush! she's coming to."

These words were spoken by a withered hag of seventy and the man who had stolen her. Slowly Marion opened her eyes, and what was her horror to find herself in a gipsy camp!

I will skip over the five long years of pain and suffering, and come to the end of my story. 5 years have passed, and the new king sits on his royal throne, judging and condemning a band of gipsies. They are all condemned but one young girl, who stands with downcast eyes before him; but when she hears her doom, she raises her dark flashing eyes on the king. A piercing shriek is heard, the crown and sceptre roll down the steps of the throne, and Marion Gray is clasped in her father's arms!

Another dear friend was Miss Mary. She was a small, brisk woman, with "New England" written all over her. She used to stay

with us a good deal, helping my mother in household matters, or writing for our father; and we all loved her dearly. She had the most beautiful hair, masses and masses of it, of a deep auburn, and waving in a lovely fashion. She it was who used to say, "Hurrah for Jackson!" whenever anything met her special approval; and we all learned to say it too, and to this day some of us cheer the name of "Old Hickory," who has been in his grave these fifty years. Miss Mary came of seafaring people, and had many strange stories of wreck and tempest, of which we were never weary. Miss Mary's energy was untiring, her activity unceasing. She used to make long woodland expeditions with us, in the woods around the valley, leading the way "over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier," finding all manner of wild-wood treasures, creeping-jenny, and ferns and mosses without end, which were brought home to decorate the parlors. She knew the name of every plant, and what it was good for. She knew when the barberries must be gathered, and when the mullen flowers were ready. She walked so fast and so far that she wore out an unreasonable number of shoes in a season.

Speaking of her shoes reminds me that at the fire of which I spoke in a previous chapter, at the Institution for the Blind, Miss Mary was the first person to give the alarm. She had on a brand-new pair of morocco slippers when the fire broke out, and by the time it was extinguished they were in holes. This will give you some idea of Miss Mary's energy.

Then there was Mr. Ford, one of the very best of our friends. He was a sort of factotum of our father's, and, like The Bishop in the "Bab Ballads," was "short and stout and round-about, and zealous as could be." We were very fond of trotting at his heels, and loved to pull him about, and tease him, which the good man never seemed to resent. Once, however, we carried our teasing too far, as you shall hear. One day our mother was sitting quietly at her writing, thinking that the children were all happy and good, and possessing her soul in patience. Suddenly to her appeared Julia, her hair flying, eyes wide open, mouth ditto,—the picture of despair.

"Oh, Mama!" gasped the child, "I have done the most dreadful thing! Oh, the most dreadful, terrible thing!"

"What is it?" exclaimed our mother, dropping her pen in distress; "what have you done, dear? Tell me, quickly!"

"Oh, I cannot tell you!" sobbed the child; "I cannot!"

"Have you set the house on fire?" cried our mother.

"Oh, worse than that!" gasped poor Julia. "Much worse!"

"Have you dropped the baby?"

"Worse than that!"

Now there *was* nothing worse than dropping the baby, so our mother began to feel relieved.

"Tell me at once, Julia," she said, "what you have done!"

"I—I—" sobbed poor Julia; "I pulled—I pulled—off—Mr. Ford's wig!"

There were few people we loved better than "Tomty," the gardener. This dear, good man must have been a martyr to our pranks, and the only wonder is that he was able to do any gardening at all. It was "Tomty!" here and "Tomty!" there, from morning till night. When Laura wanted her bonnet-strings tied (oh, that odious little bonnet! with the rows of pink and green quilled ribbon which was always coming off), she never thought of going into the house to Mary, though Mary was good and kind, too; she always ran to Tomty, who must "lay down the shovel and the hoe," and fashion bow-knots with his big, clumsy, good-natured fingers. When Harry was playing out in the hot sun without a hat, and Mary called to him to come in, like a good boy, and get his hat, did he go? Oh, no! He tumbled the potatoes or apples out of Tomty's basket, and put that on his head instead of a hat, and it answered just as well.

Poor, dear Tomty! He went to California in later years, and was cruelly murdered by some base wretches, for the sake of a little money which he had saved.

Somehow, we had not very many friends of our own age. I suppose one reason was that we were so many ourselves that there were always enough to have a good time.

There were one or two little girls who used

to go with us on the famous maying-parties, which were great occasions. On May-day morning we would take to ourselves baskets, some full of goodies, some empty, and start for a pleasant wooded place, not far from Green Peace. Here, on a sunny slope where the savins grew not too thickly to prevent the sun from shining merrily down on the mossy sward, we would pitch our tent (only there was no tent), and prepare to be perfectly happy. We gathered such early flowers as were to be found, and made garlands of them; we chose a queen, and crowned her; and then we had a feast, which was really the object of the whole expedition.

It was the proper thing to buy certain viands for this feast, the home dainties being considered not sufficiently rare.

Well, we ate our oranges, and nibbled our cocoanut, and the older ones drank the milk, if there were any in the nut: this was considered the very height of luxury, and the little ones knew it was too much for them to expect. I cannot remember whether we were generally ill after these feasts, but I think it highly probable.

In mentioning our friends, is it right to pass over the good "four-footers," who were so patient with us, and bore with so many of our vagaries? Can we ever forget "Oggy the Steamboat," so called from the loudness of her purring? Do not some of us still think with compunction of the day when this good cat was put in a tin pan, and covered over with a pot-lid, while on the lid was set her deadly enemy, "Ella," the fat King Charles spaniel? What a snarling ensued! what growls, hisses, yells mingled with the clashing of tin and the "unseemly laughter" of naughty children!

And "Lion," the good Newfoundland dog, who let us ride on his back—when he was in the mood, and tumbled us off when he was not! He was a dear dog, but "Fannie," his mate, was anything but amiable, and sometimes gave sore offense to visitors by snapping at their heels and growling.

But if the cats and dogs suffered from us, we suffered from "José"! O José! what a tyrannous little beast you were! Never was a brown donkey prettier, I am quite sure;

never did a brown donkey have his own way so completely.

Whether a child could take a ride, depended entirely on whether José was in the mood for it or not. If not, he trotted a little way till he got the child alone; and then he calmly rubbed off his rider against a tree or fence, and trotted away to the stable. Of course this was when we were very little; but by the time the little ones were big enough to manage him, José was dead, so some of us never "got even with him," as the boys say. When the dearest uncle in the world sent us the donkey-carriage,

things went better, for the obstinate little brown gentleman could not get rid of that, of course, and there were many delightful drives, with much jingling of harness, and all manner of style and splendor.

These were some of our friends, two-footers and four-footers. There were many others, of course, but time and space fail to tell of them. After all, perhaps they were just like other children's friends. I must not weary my readers by rambling on indefinitely in these long-untrodden paths; but I wish other children could have heard Oggy purr!

(To be concluded.)

THE JOLLIVERS' DONKEY.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.



THE Jollivers were a very happy family. The old priest who sometimes visited them said they were "the happiest family he had ever seen"; and when you consider that the dear old man traveled hundreds of miles on foot, and visited families of all sizes and conditions, his word possessed some value.

When Grandpa Jolliver died and left his sons a fortune, made out of pelts and skins brought down from the Red River of the North, his sons opened a large banking-house in the very city where their father had made purchases out of vehicles the queerest and quaintest ever seen on wheels, but familiar to the Western fur-traders as "Red River carts."

The Jollivers grew and flourished. John

Jolliver was short and stout. Joe Jolliver was long and lank. John was fond of a joke, and never made one; Joe always made them for his brother to laugh over.

Both were married in the same place, on the same day, by the same minister, and they married sisters.

As the children grew about them they were happier than ever, for Joe's children were all boys, and John's children all girls. People hardly knew which family they were visiting, for the Jolliver boys were always at Uncle John's, or the girls were at Uncle Joe's.

John Jolliver laughed until his eyes glistened when the school-teacher said: "That boy of yours will make his mark; he has a wonderful taste for mathematics." John's boys were all girls, but he thanked the teacher and told Joe about the praise for his boy.

One day Bessie Jolliver called at the banking-house on her way home from school.

Bessie was just thirteen, and as pretty as a rosebud. When she went into the outer office and said to Mr. Gruff, the senior clerk, that

"she must see papa on important business," Mr. Gruff's wrinkled face looked younger, and he tapped at the door of the private room.

Some one said, "Come," and Mr. Gruff opened the door a very little.

"Miss Bessie would like to see her papa," said he.

"Come in, little girl," said John, opening his arms at once for her. Bessie went in, and seated herself on his knee.

"I did n't mean to interrupt you, Papa, in business hours, but Uncle Joe will please excuse me, for it's *very* important, and—"

"Oh, it's all right," said Uncle Joe. "Don't mind me."

How could he say anything else with that bright, beaming face before him?

Her hat was tipped back, her rippling, tantalizing hair fell softly over her brow and touched her rosy cheeks, and when she spoke, deep dimples peeped out among the roses. It was a sight to brighten any spot, or gladden any heart.

"You see," said Bessie, eagerly, "it has just come out, you know; for the telegram came last evening, and they are all packing up, and 'Din' must be sold."

"Your pronouns are rather confusing, my dear," said her father.

"You have jumped into the middle of your story, pet," said Uncle Joe.

"Oh, yes! Well, it's the Needhams. Old Judge Needham has sent for Mrs. Needham and the boys to come to New York at once; they are to meet a friend of his at Hastings to-morrow, and everything must be sold, and Ned Needham almost cried when he said Din must be sold. Din knows ever so much, Papa; and the crusty old judge won't let the boys keep him; and Ned said, perhaps—if—he knew I would be kind to Din, and I said, if you were willing, and Uncle Joe did n't mind,—why, you see, I just *adore* donkeys, Papa."

Uncle Joe joined John in laughing, but Bessie's sober face silenced them.

"What am I to understand from this, little daughter? Do you wish me to purchase a small donkey for you?"

"Why, of course, Papa; it's Din Needham! Everybody knows him; he's as cunning and

gentle as can be, and Ned rides him up to the Falls, and everywhere."

"Ned is a boy, you know."

"Yes, Papa, but Ned's cousin rode Din all last summer when she was visiting here; and it's so nice to ride a donkey all by yourself,—they look so much wiser than ponies."

"So the poor ponies will stand in the stable henceforth?"

"Oh, no, Papa; I will only ride Din a little to keep him in order; and you will, now, won't you, Papa?"

Then Bessie Jolliver patted her papa's cheek with one hand and pulled his whiskers with the other, as she looked coaxingly in his round, full face.

Uncle Joe winked slyly at his brother, and then struck a little bell on the table. A young clerk came at once.

"Harrison, I wish you would step round to Needhams' on Nicollet Avenue and tell them to send round the donkey for our inspection."

"Oh, no, Uncle Joe dear, please don't," exclaimed Bessie as she left her father to grasp her uncle's hand, "please don't. Din looks so nice in his own stall with his cunning blanket on; and if you and papa would n't mind, it's such a little way, and—and—"

So it came to pass that both brothers walked along the streets of St. Paul in the glorious noonday sun, and between them ran, skipped, and danced Miss Bessie.

The little stable was wonderfully neat and pretty. Ned Needham was there with his younger brother Eugene, and they were engaged in showing Din to a coarse-looking man.

Ned's eyes brightened when the wealthy bankers came in. Eugene hastily wiped away some suspicious moisture from his eyes, for the rough man had just said:

"He's good enough to wollop around on after the cows."

The idea of their beautiful, sleek Din being "wolloped" anywhere, and especially after cows, by a rude herd-boy! It was dreadful to Eugene; it was even worse to Ned, for he had spent many happy hours on Din's back.

Ned blushed when he saw Bessie's smiling face, and he at once put the bridle in her hands.

"Well, business is business," said the rough man. "I'll give you just twenty-five dollars for the brute with the saddle, blanket, and bridle. You've got to sell, and money is money to a widder."

John Jolliver stepped forward then.

"How much do you ask for him?" said he, kindly, to the boys.

"Mama said we ought to get fifty dollars with his outfit; papa paid more than that for the saddle and bridle."

"Would you like the money for your journey to New York?"

"Oh, no, sir; grandpa will pay our expenses. He told us to get what we could for Din and our own things, and leave the money with you."

John Jolliver looked at Joe, and Joe raised his eyebrows.

"We knew your father, Ned," said John, speaking for the firm.

"Yes, sir," said Ned, not daring to look up.

"He was a good man, and I am very sorry you must go away from us. Still,

your grandpa knows best, and I dare say he will give you every possible opportunity."

The coarse man here interrupted:

"I don't know what you want here, Squire, but I came after that donkey; it's just the sort of thing for my herd-boy to use, and if he's got any nonsense in him I'm the man to take it out."

Eugene drew nearer Bessie, and Ned spoke out bravely:

"We don't wish to sell Din to do such work; he was a present to me from papa on my ninth birthday, and I would rather kill him now than have him abused."

"You're mighty smart, young feller; but you need n't put on any airs with me! I'm blunt,

I am, and everybody knows that your 'papa' owed more money than can ever be paid, since he passed in his checks so suddenly."

John Jolliver's eyes flashed, and Joe Jolliver was seen to double up the fingers of his right hand, yet neither of them said a word to the coarse creature who could hurt the feelings of two fatherless children. Mr. Needham had been dead but two months; he had been a kind husband and an affectionate father, and considered a man of wealth; but some unfortunate investments had impoverished him previous to his sudden death. Had he lived, he might have made his way to better times, but strangers were left to settle his estate.



"NED, APPROACHING THE DONKEY, SPOKE OUT BRAVELY, 'WE DON'T WISH TO SELL DIN TO DO SUCH WORK!'"

"I will purchase your donkey, Ned," said John Jolliver; "and you shall name your own terms. As for you, sir," said he, turning to the unfeeling stranger, "I think you need not trouble yourself to tell these fatherless boys of their misfortunes. Money can escape from all of us, but a kind heart and a pleasant word are current coin everywhere."

The stranger walked off without a word, and Joe Jolliver said to his brother, "It was hard work to remember my Quaker training!"

That very night Din was taken to the pretty stable where the Jollivers' horses were kept, and all the children marched out to see him in his new quarters.

The Jollivers lived in a double house with a

beautiful garden behind it; and just around the corner of the block, at the end of a pretty driveway, stood the stable with its French roof and handsome doors. All the Jollivers knew that the donkey was purchased for Bessie, but that did not matter. John Jr. gave it sugar, and tried the comb and brush on its glossy sides; Percy braided its mane; Bessie patted and hugged it, and each and all hung about it until the groom

riages, and drive up in time to come home with the children?"

"Or, better still, let us surprise Aunt Russell by taking tea with her, and drive home by moonlight," said her sister.

"Excellent," said Mrs. Joe.

In less than ten minutes Percy Jolliver was running down the hill on his way to the banking-house, with a note for "John or Joe."



"WHEN SATURDAY CAME, BESSIE AND JOHN JR. STARTED."

said "they made more fuss over the little beast than over all the fine horses in the stable."

The Needhams came round to say good-by, and all the Jollivers waited upon them to the stable, where Din winked knowingly at them, as much as to say, "I'm quite comfortable here."

When Saturday came, Bessie and John Jr. started for the Falls of Minnehaha. It was only a pleasure trip, and, like true Western children, they were as much at home in the saddle as your grandma is in her rocking-chair.

"You may take dinner at your aunt Russell's, and come home early in the afternoon," said Bessie's mother.

"You may come whenever Bessie is ready," said John Jr.'s mother.

The children started off in fine spirits, and all the Jollivers shouted good-by from the back-piazza steps.

When they were fairly under way, a fancy came to Mrs. Joe, and she left her work of putting out the children's clean clothes for Sunday, to run across the large hall which separated the two houses.

"Sister," said she, "suppose we take the car-

The Jolliver ladies very often addressed their notes in that manner, for Mr. John might be out and Mr. Joe in, or Mr. Joe out and Mr. John in; and every one knows that family notes on family matters should be answered at once.

John Jolliver was in, and he at once replied, "Yes, we will go. Lunch at one o'clock sharp, and order the horses at one-thirty."

Then there was hurrying to and fro: three Jolliver girls to dress, and three Jolliver boys to make ready. However, it was all done without fretting, for the Jollivers helped one another, and everyone had a place for everything. At half-past one o'clock, both families came out of their respective front doors and went down the steps to their respective carriages.

Each coachman cracked his whip, and each horse was ready for duty. Once out of the city, they traveled faster.

"How surprised Bessie will be!" said Bessie's sisters.

"And how surprised John Jr. will be!" said John Jr.'s brothers.

"Aunt Russell will be so delighted," said Mrs. Joe; "she always enjoys our visits."

When they reached Aunt Russell's fine farm, not far from the Falls of Minnehaha, she was surprised and delighted also, but neither Bessie nor John Jr. had been there at all. Then every Jolliver looked sober, and in one corner the gentlemen talked in a low tone with Uncle Russell.

"Indians?" said Mrs. Joe.

"Never," said Aunt Russell; "there is n't an Indian within fifty miles that would hurt a white man."

"Lost their way?" said Mrs. John.

"Nonsense," said Aunt Russell; "they both can come here blindfolded."

"We will settle the matter," said Uncle Russell. "We men will run into Minneapolis, and hunt them up. I'm inclined to think that the donkey is the cause of the trouble," and away went the gentlemen to town.

The streets were full of people, for everybody was going to the circus. The afternoon performance began at three.

"Have you seen two children,—a girl riding a donkey, and a boy mounted on a black pony?"

Every one said "No." At last, near the square where the tents were pitched, a man said:

"Yes; I saw 'em in the procession."

Mr. Joe and Mr. John looked at each other in astonishment. Their children had never before deceived them in all their lives. This was a very sad day to the indulgent fathers.

Uncle Russell bought tickets, and they went in. The crowd was so great the children could not be seen, even if they were in the tent.

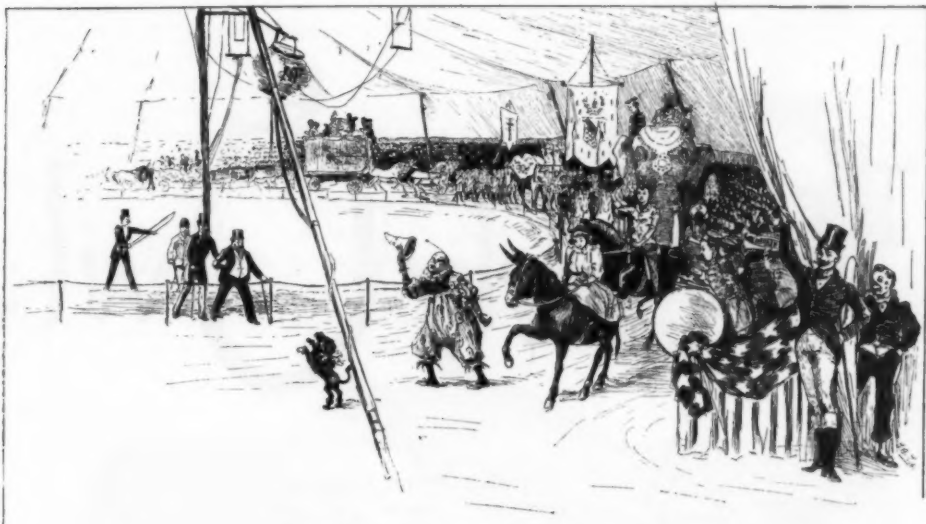
They walked twice about the ring, but neither Bessie nor John Jr. could be found.

"We must wait," said Uncle Russell.

At last the trumpet sounded, and the grand march began. The elephants, the horses, the acrobats, the "freaks," and then the ponies.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed John Jolliver, "there are our children in the procession!"

Joe Jolliver saw them at the same moment. Bessie did not raise her eyes, but John Jr. looked eagerly about. He caught sight of his



THE JOLLIVERS' DONKEY IN THE GRAND PROCESSION.

"We may find them in the tent," said Uncle Russell.

"Never!" said John Jolliver. "My Bessie is a timid little woman and avoids a crowd."

Over and over again they asked:

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father's face, and quickly raised his hat and nodded toward the tent where they had entered.

Before the march was over, Joe and John and Uncle Russell were in the performers' tent, and when pretty Bessie came out, the first

persons she saw were her uncles and her own dear father.

"O Papa!" she cried. "O Papa, take us away. We could n't help it. Din *would* come!"

Bessie began to cry, and John Jr. told the story, which the manager thus confirmed:

"We were pretty near the bridge, sir, when your young people came along; and as soon as that donkey heard the music, he broke and ran for a place in the lines. He *would* have it, he did have it, and our best trained ponies had to give way. The young man is a splendid rider, and so is the young lady; we would n't mind having such, any day. But we tried our best to turn that donkey out, as soon as we got here. He would n't go, and so I told the young folks to wait until the afternoon performance was over, and he would be tired out. The young lady did n't dare dismount for fear he'd get away. When he heard the trumpet to form into line, he was like a wild creature. You see, he has been trained to it, and he remembered it all at once. I offered

to buy him, but the young lady would n't sell him, and so we made up our minds to let him perform, and then he would go away satisfied."

Sure enough, Din had once belonged to a circus company, and Mr. Needham had bought him when he was laid up with a lame foot.

So Din found a good home, and the groom soon cured him; but the children never knew until that eventful day that his droll tricks were taught him in a circus-ring.

When the grand march was over, Din was tired and glad to go out into the fresh air.

"Better shut him up until we leave town," said the manager, "or he may break and run after us. The music sets him wild, you see."

Bessie's father took his advice, and Din was put in a stall at the Russell farm.

The Jollivers had a merry supper at Aunt Russell's, and rode home by moonlight; but poor Bessie was much mortified when she saw in her papa's morning paper an account of the queer antics of Jollivers' Donkey.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



N Owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of Learning *he* did n't know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an Owl like that can afford to hoot.



And he hooted—until, alas! one day
 He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
 An insignificant little bird
 Make use of a term he had never heard.
 He was flying to bed in the dawning light
 When he heard her singing with all her might,
 “Hurray! hurray for the early worm!”
 “Dear me!” said the Owl, “what a singular term!
 I would look it up if it
 were n’t so late;
 I must rise at *dusk*
 to investigate.
 Early to bed and early to
 rise
 Makes an Owl healthy
 and stealthy and
 wise!”

So he slept like an honest Owl all day,
 And rose in the early twilight gray,
 And went to work in the dusky light
 To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around,
 But the early worm was not to be found.
 So he went to bed in the dawning light,
 And looked for the “worm” again next night.
 And again and again, and again and again
 He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
 Till he must have looked for a year and a day
 For the early worm, in the twilight gray.



At last in despair he gave up the search,
 And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch
 By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
 “The thing is as plain as night to me—
 Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There’s no such thing as the early worm.”



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER V.

AN Indian who dwells in a house at all seems no Indian at all to most of us, who know none too much about our own country. We picture him as living in his wigwam or tepee of bark or hide for a few weeks or months at a time, and then moving his "town" elsewhere.

There are some tribes of civilized natives in the Indian Territory who have learned to dwell in ordinary houses and to give up their roving; but that is a lesson they have mastered only within the last few years. There is but one Indian race in North America above Mexico which has *always* lived in houses since their history began. And in very similar houses they dwell to-day, and in very much the same style as before the first European eyes ever saw America. There are hundreds of ruins of these enormous community-houses scattered over the territory of New Mexico, and a few are still inhabited. The most striking example in use is the present pueblo of Taos, in the extreme north of the territory. That wonderfully picturesque town—looking at which the traveler finds it hard to realize that he is in America—has but two houses; but they are six stories high, and contain some three hundred rooms apiece. Acoma, in a western county, has six houses, all three stories high; and Zuñi, still farther west, has a six-story community-house, covering many acres and containing several hundred rooms. As for ruins of such buildings, they are everywhere. Some years ago I discovered, in a remote and dangerous corner of the Navajo country, such a ruin, "The Pueblo Alta,"—the type of countless others,—in which the five-story community-house formed an entire rectangle, inclosing a public square in the

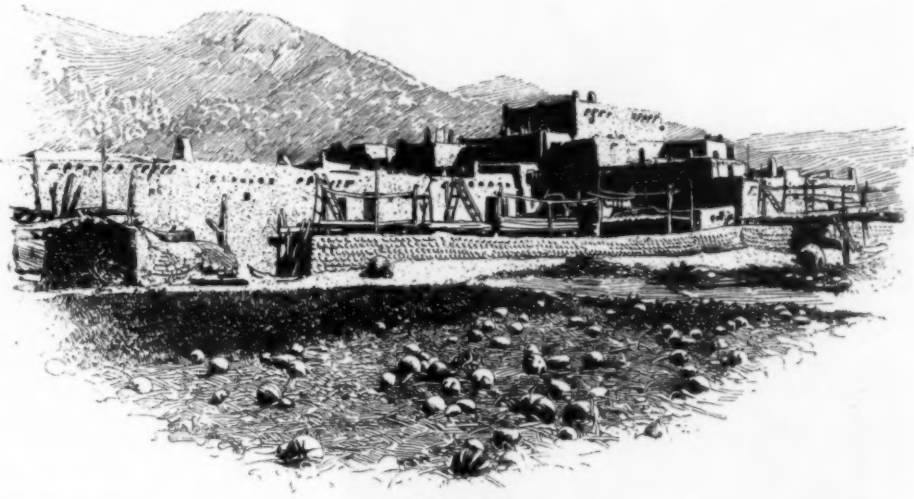
middle. The outer walls of these houses never had doors or windows, so they presented a blank wall of great height to any robber foe. On one side of this ruin is a great tower, with part of the fifth story still standing, and still showing the loopholes through which the besieged Pueblos showered arrows on their besiegers. This pueblo was a deserted and forgotten ruin when the first European entered New Mexico, three hundred and fifty years ago.

All these great houses were built of stone, very well laid. The outer edges of all these slabs of stone are as smooth as if it had been chiseled—and yet we are absolutely sure that before the conquest the Pueblos had no metal tools whatever. Their only implements were stone axes and the like.

The architecture of the Pueblos is unique and characteristic; and their original houses look like nothing else in the world. They are all *terraced*, so that the front of a building looks like a flight of gigantic steps. The second story stands well back upon the roof of the first, which gives it a broad, uncovered porch, so to speak, its whole length; the third story is similarly placed upon the second, and so on up. There are no stairs inside even the largest of these buildings—except sometimes ladders to go down into the first story, when that is built in the old fashion, without doors. In Acoma, which has over seven hundred people, there are but six doors on the ground; and to get into the first story of any of the hundreds of other houses, you must go up a ladder to the first roof, enter the second story, lift a wee trap-door in its floor, and back down another ladder to the ground floor. All the stairs are outside the house and can be moved from place to place—a plan which has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, for they are all simple, clumsy, and astonishingly tall ladders.

All these architectural peculiarities were for purposes of defense. The lower story was a dead wall, into which an enemy with only aboriginal arms could not break—and some of these walls have defied American field-pieces. The ladders could be easily drawn up; and the level roofs made an excellent position from which to rain stones and arrows upon the foe. Even if the enemy captured the first roof, the people had only to retire to the second, from which they could fight down with no less ad-

liantly whitewashed, according to the Pueblo custom, with gypsum. The rafters are the straight trunks of tapering pines, stripped of their bark; and above these is a roof of straw and clay which is perfectly water-tight. The doors and windows are all small,—another relic of the days of deadly danger,—and in the more ancient houses the windows are only thin sheets of gypsum. Nearly every room has its queer, southwestern fireplace, in which the sticks are burned on end. Those for heating



PUEBLO OF TAOS.

vantage. Even where a terraced house stood alone, it could easily be defended against a far superior force; and as a rule the tenements were built around a square, so that their sheer back walls presented a cliff-like face which no savage foe could scale, and their fronts faced upon the safe common inclosure. At Pecos, the largest of the pueblos, and at many smaller ones, an Indian could step from his door and walk around the whole town on any one of the tiers of roofs. Sometimes these community-houses were terraced on both sides; and the two at Taos are like huge pyramids, sloping to the top from all four sides.

The stone walls are plastered inside and out with adobe-clay, which makes a smooth, substantial wall and looks very neat when bril-

lantly whitewashed, according to the Pueblo custom, with gypsum. The rafters are the straight trunks of tapering pines, stripped of their bark; and above these is a roof of straw and clay which is perfectly water-tight. The doors and windows are all small,—another relic of the days of deadly danger,—and in the more ancient houses the windows are only thin sheets of gypsum. Nearly every room has its queer, southwestern fireplace, in which the sticks are burned on end. Those for heating

alone are very tiny, and stand in a corner; but the cooking fireplaces often fill one side of a room, and under their capacious "hoods" a dozen people can sit. As you may imagine from what has been said of their houses, the Pueblos are very peculiar and interesting Indians. They live very neatly and comfortably, and their homes are generally as clean as wax. They are peaceable and industrious, good hunters, but farmers by profession—as they have been ever since the world first found them. They have always elected their own officers, and obey the laws both of their own strange government and of the United States in a way which they certainly did not learn from us—for there is no American community so law-abiding. They

are entirely self-supporting, and receive nothing from the government. They are Indians who are not poor, who are not lazy, and who do not impose servile labor upon their wives. One of my Pueblo neighbors in Isleta lent the

as soon as there was any really scientific investigation of the Southwest, the fact was fully established that they were Pueblos. Indeed, we now know even some of the history of the most remarkable of all these ruins. The Pueb-



AN ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLING.

money to pay off the soldiers in New Mexico during our civil war!

Quite as interesting and remarkable as the best types of the Pueblo communal architecture, though in a different way, are the ruins of their still more ancient homes. It was long supposed that the so-called "Cliff-builders" and "Cave-dwellers" were of an extinct race; but

los used always to build in places which nature had fortified, and almost invariably upon the top of "islands" of rock. Those who found themselves near one of the peculiar terraced cañons which abound in some parts of the Southwest generally built their town upon the shelves of the cliff; while those whose region furnished precipices of easily carved stone, usually hollowed out caves therein for their dwellings. It was all a matter of locality and surroundings.

A cañon of the "Cliff-builders" is a wonderfully picturesque and interesting place. The rock strata were a great aid to the builders of those quaint chasm-towns, and, indeed, probably first suggested to them the idea of putting their houses there. As I have said, these cañons are always terraced. The cliffs are six to ten times as far apart at the tops as at the bottom, and a cut across the cañon would look something like the letter V.

Sometimes there is a running stream at the bottom; but as a rule, in this arid region, the dry season leaves only a chain of pools—which were, however, enough for the water-supply of these curious communities. The several lower shelves of the gorge

were never built upon; and the water was all carried in earthen jars or tight-woven baskets on the heads of the industrious housewives several hundred feet up the cliff.

But safety was before water; and so the swarthy people built their homes far up the side of the receding cliff. And *there* was a great saving of labor. And there, too, the

"Cliff-builder" found that nature had made ready to his hand three of the six sides of every room. The smooth, solid rock of the shelf was his floor, and a narrow but endless porch outside as well. The overhanging rock of the ledge above was his roof—frequently a very low one—and the face of the intermediate stratum was his back wall. He had only to build three little stone walls from stone floor to stone roof, and there was his house!

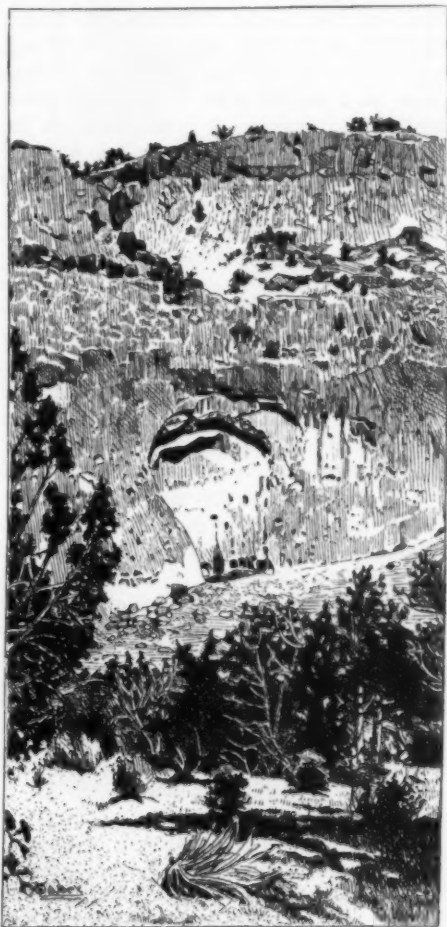
These cliff-rooms were extremely small, varying somewhat according to the strata, but seldom more than a dozen feet long, eight or ten feet deep, and five to eight feet high. In many of them no ordinary person could stand erect. There were seldom any windows; and the doors—which served also as chimneys—were very low, and but twelve or fourteen inches wide. An enemy at the very door would be so crouched and cramped in entering, that those within could take him at a disadvantage.

Think of a town whose sidewalks were three or four feet wide, and more than that number of hundred feet apart, and had between them a stupendous gutter five hundred feet deep! Think of those fat, dimpled, naked brown babies whose three-foot playground had no fence against a five-hundred-foot tumble!

There are several of these cañons of the "Cliff-builders" near the town of Flagstaff, Arizona—gigantic gashes in the level upland, to whose very brink one comes without the remotest suspicion that such an abyss is in front. One of these cañons is over twenty miles long, and six hundred feet deep in places. It contains the ruins of about a thousand of these remarkable cliff-houses, some of which are very well preserved. The Cañon de Tsáyee, with its mummies, was another abode of the "Cliff-builders"; and there are many more scattered over parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. In most of these houses there is little left. Furniture they never had, and most of the implements have been carried away by the departing inhabitants or by other Indians. The floors are one and two feet deep with the dust of ages, mingled with thorns and nutshells brought in by the chipmunks which are now their only tenants. By

digging to the bedrock floor I have found fine stone axes, beautiful arrow-heads, the puzzling quoit-like stones, and even baskets of yucca-fiber exactly like the strange "plaques" made in Moqui to-day—but these crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the air.

Between the cliff-houses of which I have been speaking and the cave-dwellings, there is



THE CUEVA PINTADA, OR "PAINTED CAVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

a very curious and startling link—houses, or even whole towns, built in natural caves! The Montezuma Well is such a one, and there are several others, of which the best example is the wonderful cave-village on the Mancos.

These caves are not, like the Mammoth Cave, great subterranean passages and chambers, but vast hollows—generally bowl-like—in the face of a cliff. They absolutely protect the inclosed town, above, at both sides, and often also below—as they are usually well up from the bottom of the cliff, and between is a steep ascent which no enemy could scale in the face of any opposition. Such towns could be captured only by surprise. The romantic Cueva Pintada,* which only half a dozen white men have ever seen, is a very good type of these caves on a smaller scale—being only about fifty feet in diameter. It looks very much like the bowl of a gigantic ladle set into the cliff fifty feet from its base, and has several artificial cave-chambers, but no houses of masonry.

To me the real cave-dwellings are the most interesting of all these strange sorts of prehistoric ruins. They are perhaps no older than the cliff-houses; but they seem so much farther from our world! To enter them almost carries one back to the time when our own ancestors—and all mankind—dwelt in holes and wore the skins of beasts: those far, dim days when there was not even iron, and when fire itself was new, and the savage stomach was all the conscience and brains that man knew he had.

The most extensive and wonderful cave-communities in the world are in the Cochiti country, on the west side of the Rio Grande, some sixty miles northwest of Santa Fé. The country itself is well worthy a long journey to see, for it is one of the wildest on earth. The enormous plateau is divided into pillars by dizzy cañons from the mountains to the deep-worn river; and the mesas† which separate the cañons run out in long triangles, so that when they break off in thousand-foot cliffs in the chasm of the Rio Grande their points are so narrow as to look from the front like stupendous columns—whence the Spaniards named them *potreros*, pillars.

The whole region for very many hundreds of square miles—and indeed like the larger part of New Mexico—is volcanic. When I

was a boy in New England, I thought the floating-stone with which I scrubbed my dingy fists was a great curiosity; but in the gorges of the Cochiti upland are cliffs a thousand feet high, and miles long, entirely of this pumice. There is in these cliffs enough stone “that will float” to take the stains from all the boy hands in the world for all time.

In this awe-inspiring wilderness several tribes of Pueblo Indians dwelt in prehistoric times. It did not take them long, probably, to learn that in such a country of soft cliffs it was rather easier to dig one's house than to build it—even when the mason had no better tools than a sharp splinter of volcanic glass. The volcanoes did some good, you see, in this land which they burned dry forever; for in the same cliff they put the soft stone in which any one could cut a house, and nuggets of the extremely hard glass which the same eruption had made, wherefrom to chip the prehistoric knife.

In the beautifully picturesque cañon of the Rito de los Frigoles‡ is a very large village of caves, which was deserted long centuries ago. It has more than a thousand rooms dug from the bright cliff; and outside were more rooms yet, built of big cut bricks of the same rock, but now fallen.

A few miles farther up the river are two castle-buttres of tufa, rising high upon the top of the plateau itself; and in these are hundreds of other cave-houses—and on the top of the largest cliff the ruins of a large square pueblo built of cut blocks of the same convenient stone.

In this same wild region, too, are the only large stone idols (or, to speak more correctly, fetishes) in the United States—the great Mountain Lions of Cochiti, carved in high relief from the solid bedrock on the tops of two huge mesas. To this day the Indians of Cochiti before a hunt go to one of those almost inaccessible spots, anoint the great stone heads, and dance by night a wild dance which no white man has seen or ever will see.

* “Painted Cave,” so called from the strange pictographs or picture-writings in red ochre which adorn its concave walls.

† Table-lands.

‡ Brook of the Beans.

THE ROBBER RAT AND THE POOR LITTLE KITTEN.

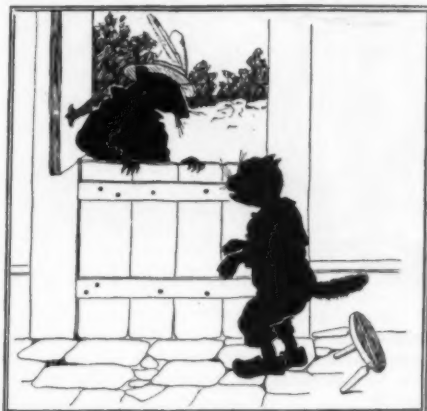
(For Very Little Folk.)

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



I.

A KITTEN once lived all alone
In a little yellow house;
It lived on crusts of bread and cheese,
And now and then a mouse.



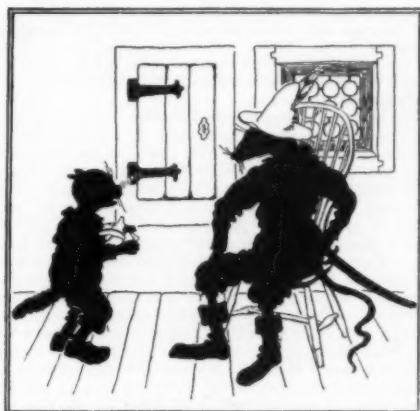
III.

To the yellow house the rat would come,
And strike the door—knock! knock!
The kitten's tail would stand on end,
It gave him such a shock.



II.

A robber rat lived in a wood—
A gloomy wood—close by;
He had sharp teeth, and a pointed tail,
And a wicked, restless eye.



IV.

Then in the rat would boldly march.
“What have you here?” he'd say;
And then he would steal the bread and cheese,
And carry it all away.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NOW that you have had a little time to rest, beloved hearers, we will see what our wise ones have to communicate upon the really pressing need of

A NATIONAL SONG.

FIRST let us give respectful attention to Brother Rossiter Johnson who sends us "by particular request" a letter, part of which is here shown you:

ONE of the commonest of proverbial expressions assumes that a song is the cheapest of all things; yet the richest country on earth is without a national song. Thirty years ago it offered six hundred dollars for one; but the song was not forthcoming, though the condition of affairs in our country seemed calculated to call forth all the lyric energy that any poet possessed. And indeed a few fine poems were produced, but no song that fairly claimed the prize.

We have the "Star-Spangled Banner," and sometimes we sing it and make ourselves think we are enthusiastic; but the least critical of us feels that it is too clumsy to be a good song or a good poem; and I suspect it has a fault even more radical than its uncouth rhythm. It is not good art to make a picture of a picture, or to symbolize a symbol. To illustrate this, hold up side by side a photograph from an oil-painting, and one from life. Though the American flag is to our eyes the most beautiful of all one can find in a forest of shipping in any great seaport, and though it represents the finest country and the most progressive people on earth, and though your heart sometimes comes to your throat when you think what has been achieved under it, still, it is only a picture and a symbol. No star-spangled rhymes, or allegorical representation of Freedom tearing the sky into strips of bunting, will ever make an effective and enduring national song. When the song arrives, we shall find that it somehow deals directly with the national power and destiny, not with any conventional symbol or picture of it.

"Yankee Doodle" has its uses as a tune; but no words that are not doggerel ever have been set to it, and it is doubtful if any can be. Samuel Francis Smith wrote a respectable hymn beginning "My Country, 't is

of Thee." But its candidacy for the place of national song is killed at the outset by the fact that it is set to the tune of another nation's hymn. Then, too, how should we ask some millions of our citizens to sing "Land where My Fathers Died," when they left their fathers' bones in various parts of Europe?—or how expect much accent on "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride" from the throats of those who take no pride in the pilgrims?

That is n't a very encouraging view, is it? The Little Schoolma'am looked quite blue when she had read this, but Deacon Green was n't at all disturbed by it.

The Deacon says there is much truth in what Brother Johnson has set forth, but there is also something to be considered on the other side. We do not ask everybody to join in our National Song; but we ask to have such a song for those who would like to express their patriotism melodiously and poetically.

If any who dwell in these United States do not yet feel love and loyalty to the nation, they are not yet citizens of this country, but merely sojourners on our soil for their own ends. They are not even adopted children until they will adopt in some degree our national traditions, interests, hopes, and enthusiasms.

Never fear. We can wait for the right song. For temporary needs, we have created excellent songs before now. And when the right song—the national song—is written, there will be an enthusiastic grand chorus of men, women, and children to sing it. They will sing it with all their hearts, too. If there happens to be a mental reservation in a line or two, what harm does that do, so long as the singer swells the great chorus with full sympathy!

The Deacon is patriotic, you see. And mark how the Little Schoolma'am is smiling again! I believe the Deacon is right. My birds have criss-crossed over the whole country, from Maine to Texas, and their reports are most encouraging. So far as they can see, the whole nation is sound—not a cracked place in it. "When the right touch is given it will respond with no uncertain melody," the Little Schoolma'am says.

The Deacon and other elders have done quite enough to introduce the fluttering batch of letters piled around the pulpit. Let us turn to the younger patriots.

Here is a strong letter from a regular Declaration of Independence youngster:

DEAR JACK: It seems to me that "Yankee Doodle" ought to be out of the question as the national hymn. The tune is, I am pretty sure, an English one: "The Rogue's March." And the words, as you know, were written in derision. Not much of a combination for Americans! "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is the English song, "Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean," with Columbia substituted for Britannia. "Hail Columbia" is an English air; and, though I am not positive, I think is the English "Hail Britannia." "My Country, 't is of Thee" has for its music the English "God Save the Queen," the German "Heil Kaiser dir," and the national airs of several other countries. "The Star-Spangled Banner," on the contrary, was written by a Continental officer, Philip Key, I believe, and the music was by an

American also. So I should think that being entirely American it ought to be the one for Americans, in preference to any of foreign origin.

Sincerely yours,

H. L. D.

And here is something that the Deacon does not attempt to dispute:

MISSOURI.

DEAR "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT": In regard to your question, "What is the National Hymn?" I reply—"My Country, 't is of Thee." "Yankee Doodle," "The Star-Spangled Banner," or any of the others mentioned, may be national airs, but I hardly think they are hymns, because hymns are of a more sacred order.

MARY KELLOGG.

A bright letter signed "A Patriot" dismisses "Yankee Doodle" with the remark, "I do not think we want anything even verging on a comic song"; it declares that the two Columbia songs are not well enough known, and makes the usual objection to "My Country, 't is of Thee"—that it is English. "The Star-Spangled Banner," the writer claims, is "original, grand, well loved, and well known. It is inspiring, and will draw cheers quicker than any other patriotic tune. Whenever I hear it, I am glad that I am an American, and, like a small boy of my acquaintance, feel that I should 'like to hug my country!'"

Among many other advocates of the same stirring song are Ethel N. N., Nelly D. B., Algeria Trude G., Lina Nyburg, Agnes, and Charlie G., Jr., who calls it the American Marseillaise. The choir declaring for "My Country, 't is of Thee" are Robert O. C., "The Princess," A. C. G., Henrietta Slade, Alice J., Carrie E. Leinbach, May H. F., Bessie A. Meyers, and Marguerite A. Speckel, and the last mentioned makes a strong argument for the song and quotes it in full. "Hail Columbia" has the backing of Lewis G. W. and Luellen D. Taylor, and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" has only one advocate this time.

A young lover of peace and concord makes a novel proposition. She inquires why some one cannot fit the words of "My Country, 't is of Thee" to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Perhaps if she will seek some quiet place, and try the effect of mixing the two very cautiously, she will not insist upon an answer.

After a careful weighing of all the opinions presented, your JACK is inclined to consider "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the strongest existing claimant to the honor of being the National Song. But the National *Hymn* does not seem to be yet settled by our boys and girls. The Deacon says—and I'm inclined to think he is right—the National Song is one thing and the National Hymn another, and they should not be confounded. The National Hymn should be to the same air in all countries, though the words may differ. The Little Schoolma'am says that in Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp," when the soldiers united their voices,

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

In singing a hymn, all men are brother men. But in singing a national song, they are simply patriots.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

NOW for a different problem. Here is the difficult question, What is Love? answered by Sylvia K. E., and she ought to know, for she is eleven years old:

WHAT is Love? How can I tell?
Ask the stars, they know as well;
Ask the waves that rise and fall;
See if they know, question them all.
If they know not, come again;
Maybe I can tell you then.

They can't tell you? Well, I can:
Love is not only found in man.
No! it comes from God alone—
Comes from him, the Corner-Stone.
See how freely it is given;
Surely it must come from Heaven.

NOW we will take up another deep subject:

THE OCEAN.

THE average depth of the Atlantic Ocean, so the Little Schoolma'am informs me, is two and a half miles, or over 12,000 feet. Yet I know a pretty, white-breasted gull who believes it is not over a few inches deep. You see, he catches his fish right at, or just below, the surface, and naturally, that's all he knows about it.

JUST before we separate, and you resume your summer study of the ocean, the lakes, the rivers, the woods, and outdoors generally, JACK wishes to acknowledge three bright letters from May H. F., Ruth and Josephine S., and G. B., and to show you a charming bit of verse sent you by Elizabeth Hill:

TO A BUTTERFLY.

"BUTTERFLY,
Thou trifling thing,
Bright of color,
Light of wing,—

Hast thou, then, no other care
Than to ornament the air?

Hither, thither,
High and low,
Why and whither
Dost thou go?"

"From the garden to the hedge,
From the field-flower to the sedge,
I flutter, flutter everywhere.

Save to be fair
I have no care,—
An idler am I."

"O fie! O fie!

Hence, thou useless thing, away!
Nay!—thou needed beauty,—stay!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN regard to signaling at sea, about which two stories are printed this month, Captain Smith, author of "What News?"—in *Mid Ocean*, sends some interesting facts. The ancient galleys made signals by hoisting and lowering sails, showing shields, or building bonfires. By the thirteenth century flag-signals were invented, and by the seventeenth century there was an attempt to form a code.

The International Code, which enables ships of all nations and languages to exchange messages, was devised by the British Government in 1856, and gradually adopted by other nations—by the United States in 1871.

It is a great advantage of this system that the number of flags in a single signal shows at once whether it is an urgent or an ordinary message. For long distances, where it would be difficult to see colors or patterns, three flags or other objects, one round, one pointed like a pennant, and one rectangular, may be used instead of the pattern flags shown in the pictures given with Captain Kennedy's story.

Boys might find it interesting and useful to invent simple codes and signals of their own, and may take a hint from the marine boat-signals, in which two hats, two handkerchiefs, and two planks, or long strips of any kind, are used. Thus, a sailor standing with his hat held up so as to look round, and on his left another sailor holding the plank, means "You are running into danger." The army-signals by the flag, and signaling by flashes of a small mirror (an Indian invention), are also very interesting.

By an oversight, which we regret, the name of Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, the artist, was incorrectly printed in the table of contents of the July ST. NICHOLAS.

ADELAIDE TERRACE, PERTH,
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a very funny pony I saw the other day. I was out riding, and we stopped at a little cottage to get some water. As we drew our horses up at the door, a little yellow pony came and poked its head into the room. A woman, who was inside the house, came up to the pony and gave it a plate of meat (it looked like hash), and the funny little creature began to eat it with great relish. He evidently expected his meat supper when he came and stuck his head in at the door. The man who gave us the water to drink said that the pony would eat anything, and would drink porter.

Your loving reader and well-wisher,

SANDRA C—.

SAN REMO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about the Carnival. There were some girls on the parade by the sea, selling violets. We bought some and put them in our carriage to throw at people. The procession began at one end of the town and went through to a piazza, where it turned around. On either side of the street, the windows, doorways, balconies, and stands were filled with people who showered the carriages and coaches with flowers and confetti as they passed. Some coaches were beautifully decked with flowers, roses, daisies, or menzoblossoms. The people inside wore gay-colored dominoes to match, and we pelted each other as we passed. There are prizes awarded to the finest carriage and person on foot. The former receives two thousand francs. As we passed one stand, the confetti came so hard and fast that the bottom of our carriage was covered. Some people threw papers with mud in them, which were quite hard. The balconies were often decked with bright-colored silks, and the people wore dominoes to match.

Your interested reader, RICHARD R—.

P. S.—We await the ST. NICHOLAS the more eagerly, because we are so far from home.

COMPTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. My sister takes ST. NICHOLAS. I have also two brothers, and we all take a paper except myself.

Among our pets we have a dog whose name is "Toby," which my brother and sister brought from Florida in a basket, so you see he is a great pet.

Lately (not having been able to go out, it has been so stormy) I have spent a great deal of my time in reading, and I am very fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels; but my brothers like Dickens better. I have already read "Woodstock," "Kenilworth," "Peveril of the Peak," and I am now reading "Rob Roy."

One reason, perhaps, why I like Scott's books so well is because there is so much history in them. I got a better idea of the Earl of Leicester in "Kenilworth" than I ever did in any history.

Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your faithful reader,
PHILIP A. H. K—.

E. B.—Mr. Trowbridge has never, to our knowledge, published a sequel to "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill."

BOONE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you how much I like your magazine. I gave my papa "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a year ago last Christmas. It had the "Broomstick Train; or, The Return of the Witches," and before they knew it I had it all by heart; and they gave me a witch's spoon for my birthday. I like Holmes's poetry very much.

I was very-sick last winter, so that I did n't see any of my friends for ten weeks. Papa is going to let me take Delsarte lessons and German lessons because he will not let me go to school. He is going to get me a pony, so I can be outdoors in nice weather. I am so sorry for the little girl that has been sick three years.

I want my papa to be a poet like Holmes, but papa says poets are born, not made, so I think I have written enough. From your friend,
LOUISE R—.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and seven months, and I like you very much; I am sure you are the nicest magazine in the world.

We have a darling little dog called "Afrite" (it is an Arab name); he is a little Blenheim, and such a little beauty. He knows all sorts of tricks; he can die for his mistress, beg, ask, jump over papa's leg, dance, and play hide-and-seek. When he thinks some one is going to hurt his mistress, he whines and cries like a baby. He loves going out, and when he sees us putting on our hats he begins howling and barking with joy. One need only say, "Yes, dear, we are going you know where," or simply, "Yes," or "Out," and he goes down-stairs to have his collar put on. When he is out he runs like a wild thing after the birds.

My father is French and my mother is English, but she was born in Canada. I am twelve years old.

From your admiring reader,
MARIE DE B—,
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but I have been living in Boston for nearly two years now, though I don't like it nearly as well as Halifax. I have been at boarding-school now for about four years, and like it much better than I do day-school.

A few summers ago my mother, my brother Louis, and myself went to Bridgewater, N. S., for the summer. We went by coach; and all the way along, on the roofs of the houses, we saw haddock spread out in the sun to dry. They looked so funny all spread open and lying there salted, and ready to be called "Finnan Haddy."

I like you very much and look forward every week to reading you.

Your interested reader,
MURIEL A—.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen only one letter from dear old West Point, so I thought I would write, that you might hear oftener from this town.

We have the dearest pony that was ever born, and a dear old cat that is just as good-natured as he can be.

I don't like to ride on the pony because he has a very rough gait, but I love to drive him when he does not kick up too much.

What do you think I saw on St. Valentine's Day? I saw some dear little bluebirds. I think that was pretty early, don't you?

I am very much interested in your new story, "Tom Paulding," and I am almost wild to know whether Tom finds the hidden treasure. I like "Two Girls and a Boy" very much, too. I must stop my letter now.

I am your devoted reader,
BETTY M—.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, and have taken you three years, and like you very much.

We spent the winter in the Adirondack mountains for

my papa's health, who is an officer in the navy. The chief sport here in winter is coasting. The hill which we coasted on is about three quarters of a mile long. We used sleds which are called travelers; they are made by putting a sled at each end of a long board. It was fun when a lot of us got on and rode down together. The coldest it has been here is forty-two degrees below zero, and we have had nearly three months of sleighing.

There was a little fawn which we went to see quite often; it was caught in the mountains when it was only a few weeks old. There was a bear seen in the village last summer, and a guide tried to kill it, but it got away. Good-by. Your constant reader and friend,
FANNIE G—.

FOR LITTLE FRENCH SCHOLARS.



SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are few islands as beautiful as those lying far out in the Pacific Ocean. As you near the islands you see the famous volcano Mauna Loa, thirteen thousand feet in height. Half-way up this mountain is Kilauea, the volcano which is one of the most terrible and active of volcanoes. You may see red-hot lava flowing for miles into the sea. In the Sandwich Islands are many beautiful mountains. Most of the natives are half civilized. Hawaii, which is the largest island in the Sandwich group, is about the size of Connecticut, and the most beautiful. It is said that Hawaii contains a river of lava ninety miles long. Its chief occupation is raising sugar, which grows in great quantities. The Sandwich Islands were settled about 1775 by Captain Cook, who was afterward killed by the natives. Honolulu has many beautiful residences. There have been a few earthquakes, but not any very serious ones. Among the races that live there are Americans, Englishmen and Chinese. About one half of the whole population are natives. There are beautiful sandy beaches in Honolulu, and it is delightful to see the big waves dash up on the shore. In the sand are small holes, and, if you poke a stick into them, little crabs will come out and run into the sea. There are a good many sharks in the bay of Honolulu, which makes it dangerous for any one to swim out very far. They are very bold, and will come quite near a person. Honolulu is twenty-one hundred miles from San Francisco. There are about one hundred thousand tons of sugar raised every year. In Hawaii there is a lake from which rises a cliff seventy feet high, and the natives take pleasure in jumping from it into the lake below. The bottom of this lake has never been found. Hundreds of years ago the place where this lake is was a volcano, but it got filled with water. The missionaries came to the Sandwich Islands in 1820. At that time the natives were not half civilized.

The natives thought that Kilauea was a goddess, and that any one who went near her would be thrown into the lake of red-hot lava by this goddess whose name was "Pele." But the queen, when she heard the missionaries speak about Christ, thought the natives were wrong; so, to prove it, she climbed the mountain and looked into the crater, then she came down in safety. This changed the natives' opinion; but some of them still think that a goddess dwells in Kilauea.

I hope the ones who read this will have a chance to see the Sandwich Islands. This was written by a boy who lived there six years. KENNETH A.—.

"HEDGEROW, WEST HILL,"

WELLSBORO, TIoga Co., PA.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: This afternoon I, the youngest of six girls, have been having such a pleasant time reading the last number of ST. NICHOLAS. We have taken you ever since you were born, or rather ever since there was any such magazine as ST. NICHOLAS, and I think we shall take you until you or we die.

We have a very pleasant home here in northern Pennsylvania. We have animals, a tennis-court, which we change into a skating-pond in the winter, and a lovely orchard. In Mrs. Richards's story, "When I Was Your Age," I am very often reminded of how we play in our orchard.

I have been to Washington two or three different winters, and I think it *must* be the nicest city in the world, but of course I do not know. Of all the interesting things I saw there, I think I liked the National Museum almost the best. One day I went there alone, and stayed all day taking notes on the curious old things. Then I wrote a composition on them.

Mama says I am quite an athletic girl. I love to play tennis, skate, swim, ride horseback, and take long walks. I have walked seventeen miles in one day.

I am not going to tell any of my family that I have written this letter, because if it is printed I am going to have it a surprise to them. Good-by.

SHIRLEY P.—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your last number I saw a letter from a little girl who spends the summers at Mount Vernon. I should think that would be lovely. I have been down there, and we watch for it every time we go down the river in the summer. It is very interesting to know about the things we read about in the "Letter-box." Some friends give you to us every Christmas. We have taken you since 1887. There are six girls of us, and we all read you, from the oldest down to myself. I am fourteen.

On Washington's Birthday we went to a Colonial Reception, where we met the Chinese Minister and his secretary. The minister can't speak English, but the secretary does very well and acts as interpreter. They were very much interested in a little girl who was with us (Senator Palmer's granddaughter), and talked to her a great deal. A young lady offered the minister some chocolate, which he immediately offered to the little girl. She declined it, and the secretary explained that it is the custom in their country, when they receive a present that they appreciate, to give it to some one they like. When they went away the minister shook her hand and left in it a half-eaten wafer which she is going to keep as a souvenir. He seemed to think it all very funny, and laughed all the time. Both he and the secretary were in their native dress, with their queues down their backs.

EUNICE R. O.—.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of you, and we have been taking you ever since I can remember. I am now fourteen years old. I have something to tell you which I think you would like to know, and hope you will print it for the benefit of your many readers. In school, the other day, one of my teachers said that the sun was gradually losing its heat, and that Mars was getting nearer and nearer to the sun, while we are getting nearer to Mars. She said some astronomers think Mars will drop into the sun and help to give light for about seventy-five years, and then the earth will drop in, to give light to the other planets. She told us that we look to the stars as they do to us; she also said that astronomers are trying to find out if Mars is inhabited, and that if there is an atmosphere around the star it has life in it; and if there is vegetable life, there are generally people. The astronomers think there is an atmosphere around Mars, but have not made any telescope strong enough to make certain their suspicion. I hope that none of us will be living when the earth is burned up.

I remain your faithful reader, ELIZA B. MCG.—.

STONINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven years, and have only written you once in all that time. Some few months ago I saw a letter in the "Letter-box" from a girl (if I remember rightly), in which she mentioned having some original portraits by Rembrandt Peale. I would like to say that he is my great-uncle by marriage, and that we have a portrait of Washington, painted by him, and taken from life; also several others, members of our family. Mrs. Peale copied so well that her husband said he could not tell her paintings from his own. We have a picture of Martha Washington painted by her, copied from one of Mr. Peale's.

Most of the girls and boys who write to you speak of their pets. So I will tell you that we have a dear little kitten whom we have trained to jump up on the music-box which stands near the front door, every time she goes out. We never let her out unless she does this. We also have a pony which we enjoy very much. Although I am quite a big girl I am not yet tired of your delightful magazine. Your fond reader, RIETA W. B.—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: M. M. M., Ethelbert C., Winifred B., Leigh B., Mary F., Lallah St. J., M. M., Jessie M. W., Margie C., H. Lynne P., Helen S. K., Janie P., Ruth S., Lottie B. C., R. E. S., Wm. S. W., E. G. A., Martha T., M. K. S., M. E. C. and H. W., Alice C. H., Harry C., "Holly-hock," Terol, E. L. B., Mabel and Margaret C., Edelherty and Dorris, Florence H., Bessie C., R. C. S., E. C. M., Corinne W., Eleanor P. M., Anna N., P. I., Lowell W., Nancy W. D., Hetty A., John W., Pansy F., Lena A. and Grace L., Florence and Elizabeth E., Lula D. and Ethel L., Elisa E. W., Thomas B. Jr., Helen M., Winnie N., Harry F. N., M. S. H., Margaret D. C., E. G. H., Nora C. U., "Blondie," Neely C. T., Beatrice F. M., Marguerite R., Muriel A., Albert J. W., A. P. W., Struthers B., Ethel G., Elm, Inez L., Emily B., Estella S., Mary O'B., Edna C., Bessie K. F., A. M. F., Germaine J., Adelia M. F., Edith Louise B., Norma L. C., Maie L. F. B., Emily L. E., Geo. D. G., Albert C. S., W. J. C., Inez P., M. C. V., Marion M., Charlotte and Alice, Josephine McC., Ethel J., Angie R. C., May O'B., Lauretta S., Howard J. M., H. G., A. M. J., and Nathan A.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Freedom: liberty. Cross-words: 1. Florid. 2. Riddle. 3. Ebbing. 4. Eelpot. 5. Dragon. 6. Otiose. 7. Mystic.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Music. 2. Unite. 3. Siren. 4. Items. 5. Cense.

ZIGZAG. The Nero of the North. Cross-words: 1. Tea. 2. Aha. 3. Woe. 4. Ode. 5. Eke. 6. Ore. 7. Ago. 8. Foe. 9. Fly. 10. Ate. 11. Ich. 12. Net. 13. Nab. 14. Cob. 15. Jar. 16. Ate. 17. Hob.—ANAGRAM. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A Star for every State, and a State for every Star."

A HEXAGON. Cross-words: 1. Mast. 2. Asher. 3. Shamed. 4. Templet. 5. Relate. 6. Deter. 7. Term.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Heliu librorum. Cross-words: 1. acHes. 2. gLEan. 3. caLyx. 4. tally. 5. flUte. 6. shOck. 7. daLLy. 8. grILL. 9. saBre. 10. baRds. 11. wrONG. 12. stRay. 13. glUme. 14. caMeo.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE. Across: 1. Oast. 2. Alto. 3. Roar. 4. Sere. Downward: 1. Oats. 2. Aloe. 3. Star. 4. Tore.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Paul Reese—Jo and I—"Guion Line and Alpha Slate Co."—Ida and Alice—Mama and Jamie—"Uncle Mung"—Ida Carleton Thallon—Josephine Sherwood—"Leather-Stocking"—Blanche and Fred—E. Kellogg Trowbridge.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Janet R. C., 1—Ada B. Lackler, 1—Grace I. Shirley, 1—Carrie Chester, 1—S. M. G., 1—"Pickwick," 1—"Only I," 1—Elaine S., 3—Minnie and Lizzie, 1—Genevieve B. Mattingly, 1—Sarah and Jennie, 1—Charlotte, 1—Beatrice F. M., 1—Eleanor White, 1—Toby T., Jr., and Tom P., Jr., 2—Charles S. Townsend, 4—Eleanor White, 1—Lena Quinn, 1—Vinnie Hongley, 1—"Lillian A.," 1—M. Farrister and M. E. Breed, 1—Lewis Don, 1—Nagel Rheatan, 2—Elizabeth C. Grant, 1—Effie K. Talbot, 8—Louise and Beth, 1—Jas. R. Sharp, 9—Gwendolen Reid, 3—L. O. E., 14—Edith Woodward, 4—Hubert L. Bingay, 11—Mabel and Aunty, 14—Sarah E. Schuyler, 1—Nellie M. Archer, 5—Rosalind Mitchell, 4—Dora and Violet Hereford, 6—Julia Johnson, 1—Mama and Marion, 4—Emily Good-nough, 3—E. M. G., 14—We Girls, 10—No Name, New York, 3—Harry and Mama, 9—Helen S. Coates, 7—Laura M. Zinser, 3—Cornelia Wilcox, 14—"Two Girls," 10—"May and '79," 9—Charles H. Munch, 2—Harry Day Brigham, 14—Nellie L. Howes, 7—"Two Big Confederates," 10—E. K., 2—"Three Blind Mice," 6—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 7—Anna A. Crane, 4—Mama and M. H., 2—Jessie Chapman, 4—Clara B. Emerton, 2.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE flower of a plant. 2. Extensive. 3. The path described by a heavenly body. 4. The arch which crosses a Gothic vault diagonally. 5. Rhythm.

II. 1. The ground where a battle is fought. 2. To furnish. 3. That which is educed. 4. Riches. 5. To hinder.

The first words of these two squares, when connected, will form the name of an English poet.

FRANK SNELLING.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST:

I WHACK 'EM! REALLY I PAT-A 'AKE 'EM!

PL.

EHT yowell gledon-dor si di ird
Ni agal-yda ratite;
Het gongwil drewdee yb eh nefce
Sishen kile a onscrim rife;
Dan rofm het oth defsil hafrest dege
Het scrikceet fost franeri
Thiw molwel cantce stell eht late
Hatt sugtau's ereh naiga.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of an admiral who died in August, 1870; and my finals spell the name of a general who was born in August, 1769.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Met. 3. Me-dea. 4. Pedants. 5. Tense. 6. Ate. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Ner. 3. Noter. 4. Settled. 5. Relet. 6. Det(er). 7. D. III. 1. S. 2. Ear. 3. Ended. 4. Saddled. 5. Relay. 6. Dey. 7. D. IV. 1. S. 2. Bar. 3. Baled. 4. Sallied. 5. Reign. 6. Den. 7. D. V. 1. D. 2. Yes. 3. Vodel. 4. Deduced. 5. Sects. 6. Les(son). 7. D. Pl.

The sun hangs calm at summer's poise;
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,
At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heartstrings silently in tune.
The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,
And the full leafage of the year
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. New-ton. Cross-words: 1. Newt. 2. Echo. 3. Wren. II. Scot-land. Cross-words: 1. Soil. 2. Coma. 3. Open. 4. Tend.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Humic. 2. Sarah. 3. Tires. 4. Strap. 5. Sodom.—RIDDLE. A shoe.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Model. 2. One of the United States. 3. A device for catching certain rodents. 4. A round building. 5. A headland. 6. Closely allied. 7. To endure. 8. A liquid measure, formerly used for wine, equal to one third of a tun.

F. S. F.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A shell-fish. 2. To run swiftly. 3. Pain. 4. A beverage.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A dull color. 2. To efface. 3. One of the great divisions of the globe. 4. To shine.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of a plant. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. Minerals. 4. A critical trial.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A place of trade. 2. Surface. 3. To raise. 4. Sharp.

A. P. C. A.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and am a quotation from an address by David Dudley Field.

My 64-23-56-12 is of great size. My 48-94-36-70-83 is a popular game. My 2-40-88 is to fight with the fist. My 80-75-19-73 is a joke. My 31-6-34-44 is money. My 16-27-86 is to cover with frosting. My 77-98-38-92-52 is to blight. My 54 is a letter that is much used. My 67-11-20-58 is one of the United States. My 8-84-42 is a cover. My 29-61-45-89-49 is to cut into thin pieces. My 15-65-24-5 are worn by all, and my 32-9-74-79-63-46 is the material of which they are often made. My 22-60-69-99 is a prison. My 82-25-72-96 is the main stock. My 14-1-91-85 is soapstone. My 35-26-17-47-87 is to burn slightly. My 59-68-41-55-21 is worthless matter. My 4-50-7-81-97-71-51-28 is costly. My 37-93-78-10-43-95-13 is to stammer. My 53-30-66-39-90-76 is a craving for food. My 18-57-3-62-33 is a name for any one who cannot guess this enigma.

O. B. G.

AN OCTAGON.

1. To weaken. 2. Caustic. 3. To disperse. 4. A literary composition. 5. Hurl. 6. A term used by printers which means "erases." 7. A color. C.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A useful metal. 4. A prong. 5. To dye. 6. Measuring. 7. Denominating. 8. Deserving. 9. Relaxing.

ELDRED JUNGERIC.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

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FROM 1 to 2, a city of Belgium; from 1 to 3, a city of northern Africa; from 2 to 4, a river of the United States; from 3 to 4, the name of a river and two lakes in the State of New York; from 5 to 6, the capital of the Philippine Islands; from 5 to 7, a province of the Austrian Empire; from 6 to 8, the capital of one of the Southern

States; from 7 to 8, a fortified town of Portugal; from 1 to 5, a kingdom of Asia under French protection; from 2 to 6, a seaport city of Brazil; from 4 to 8, a large island; from 3 to 7, a city of Arabia. M. A. S.

HOLLOW STAR.

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FROM 1 to 2, a harsh, shrill noise; from 1 to 3, burdened; from 2 to 3, rehearsed; from 4 to 5, ridiculed; from 4 to 6, inferred; from 5 to 6, erased.

"ANNA CONDOR."

RHOMBROID.

ACROSS: 1. Illustrious. 2. A relative. 3. To fool away time. 4. A kind of cement. 5. Concise.

DOWNWARD: 1. In knife. 2. A preposition. 3. To command. 4. To spring. 5. Splendor. 6. Besides. 7. Transposed, to endeavor. 8. A German pronoun. 9. In knife. ALICE C. C.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When placed one below the other, in the order here given, what will the central letters form?

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The outline of the country by the sea. 2. A large, strong rope. 3. A bird allied to the parrot. 4. A portable, covered vehicle for one person. 5. A large piece of paper. 6. A thin cake. 7. Correct. 8. Not the same. 9. Alert. 10. A native Indian prince. 11. Furnished with a pike. 12. An autumn fruit. 13. Habitations. 14. To flinch. 15. To move about with hesitation. 16. Superior. 17. Irritation. 18. A pink substance sometimes found in a lady's jewel-box. 19. To turn over. 20. To change. 21. The buccal cavity. 22. Very unusual. 23. An arbor. 24. A pugilist. 25. Faithful. 26. A sharp instrument for cutting.

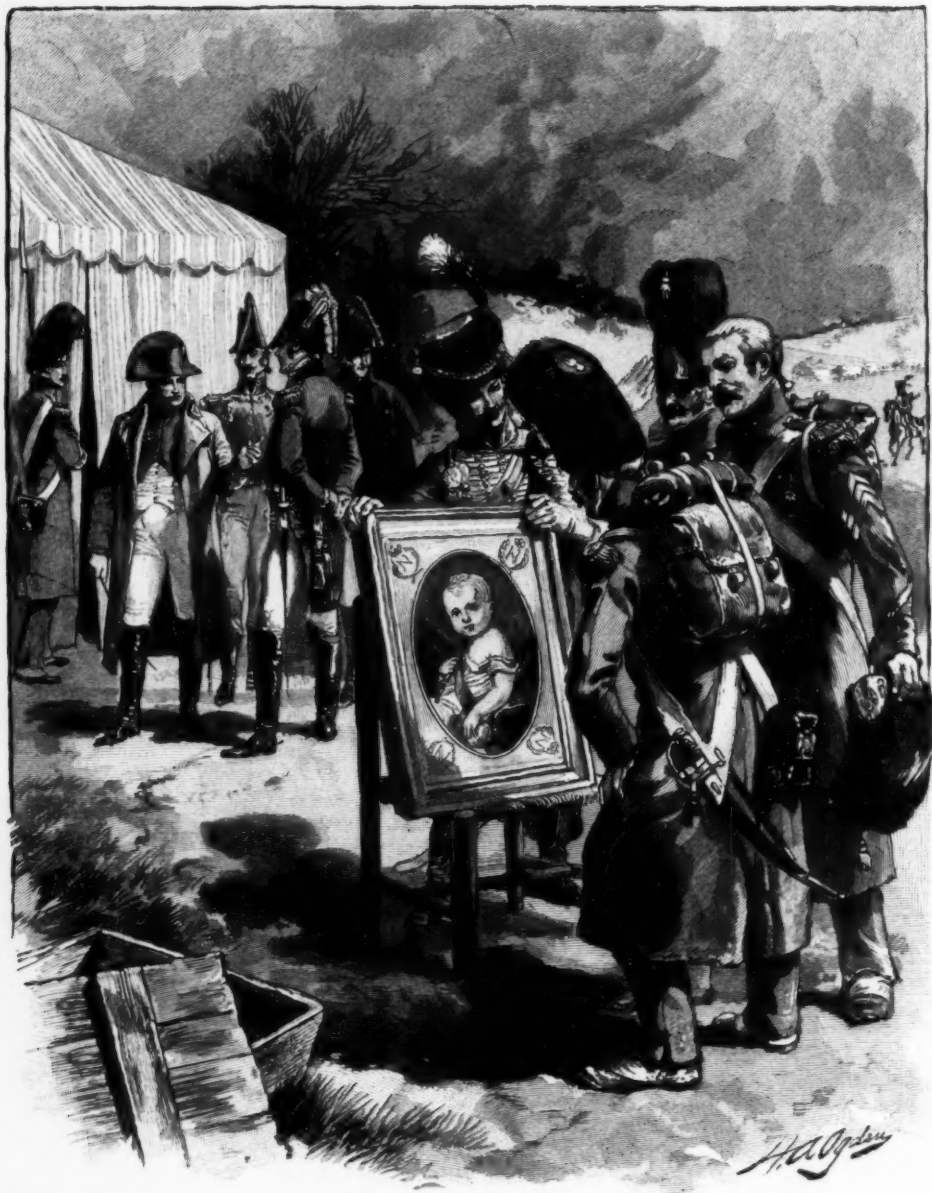
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NAPOLEON'S VETERANS VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF ROME.

(See page 807.)